





## THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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THE

# SONGS OF SCOTLAND

ADAPTED TO THEIR APPROPRIATE MELODIES

ARRANGED WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS BY

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FINLAY DUN, &c.

Illustrated with Historical, Biographical, and Critical Notices

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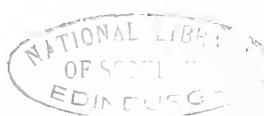
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## INTRODUCTION.

THE plan of this Work was suggested to the Publishers by a perception of the want of a really cheap Collection of the best Scottish Melodies and Songs, with suitable Symphonies and Accompaniments, adapted to the Melodies,\* and with such information regarding the airs and the verses as might be interesting to the public. No work combining all these desiderata had appeared; although no National Melodies have been so long and so extensively popular as those of Scotland.

Of the actual state of National Music in Scotland prior to the 15th century, authentic history affords no distinct traces, although it appears that both poetry and music were highly esteemed in the south and east of Scotland, and on the English Border, as far back, at least, as the 13th century. No. III. of the Appendix to Mr. Dauney's work upon the Skene MS., 1838, contains curious matter regarding musical performers and teachers of music in Scotland, from 1474 to 1633. It is entitled "Extracts from Documents preserved in the General Register House at Edinburgh." 1. Extracts from the Accounts of the Lords High Treasurers of Scotland relative to Music. 2. Extracts from the Household Book of Lady Marie Stewart, Countess of Mar, Edinburgh. 3. Extracts from Accounts of the Common Good of various Burghs in Scotland, relative to Music-schools, &c. In these Extracts we find named Scottish and English pipers, several harpers and *clarscha* players, fiddlers, &c.; with Italian and French performers upon the lute and other instruments, also singers, male and female. The fees given to the performers and teachers are stated, and it is evident that music was held in high esteem, and in all probability was considerably cultivated by the Court. We quote a few lines:—

"Jul. 10. 1489.—Item, to Inglis pyparis that cam to the castel yet and playit to the King,	vij lib. viij s.
"Apr. 19. 1490.—To Martin Clareschaw, and ye toder ersche clareschaw, at ye Kingis command,	xvij s.
"May.—Till ane ersche harper, at ye Kingis command,	xvij s.
"Aug. 1. 1496.—Giffin to the harper with the a hand,	ix s.
"Apr. 19. 1497.—Item, to the twa fitheilaris that sang Graysteil to ye King,	ix s.
"July 21.—To the menstrallis that playit before Mons† down the gate,	xiiiij s.
"Jan. 1503.—Item, to the four Italien menstralisi,	vij lib.
"Jan. 1507.—Item, that day giffin to divers menstralisi, schawmeris, trumpetis, taubroneris, fitheilaris, lutaris, harparis, clarscharis, piparis, extending to lxix personis,	x lib. xj s.
"Feb. 16. 1508.—Item, to Wantonnes that the King fechit and gert hir sing in the Quenis chamer,‡	xiiiij s."

Unfortunately, no Musical MSS. containing Scottish airs have come down to us of an earlier date than the 17th century. We have, therefore, no positive proof of the actual existence of any of our known airs until that time, although we have no doubt that many of them existed in a simple and rudimentary state long previously. We say in a simple and rudimentary state—for we find that the ancient versions of our airs that have been preserved in the MSS. which we shall presently notice, differ in a remarkable degree from their modern representatives, occasionally presenting the mere rude outline which an after age moulded into more perfect form, but more frequently disclosing melodies possessed of a charming simplicity, which the lapse of time has altered only to destroy. In this respect the music of Scotland is singularly at variance with a statement of Mr. Bunting, regarding National music generally, and that of Ireland in particular. In his preface to "The Ancient Music of Ireland," 1840, Mr. Bunting says:—"The words of the popular songs of every country vary according to the several provinces and districts in which they are sung; as, for example, to the popular air of *Aileen-a-roon*, we here find as many different sets of words as there are counties in one of our provinces. But the ease is totally different with music. A strain of music once impressed on the popular ear never varies. \* \* \* \* For taste in

\* See TONALITY, p. 164.

† The famous piece of ordnance called "Mons Meg."

‡ In order to form a correct estimate of the actual sums paid to these musicians, we must bear in mind that the items are stated in Scottish money, the value of which was only one-twelfth of money sterling; and we must also take into consideration the prices of various articles of food about the same period. From the household book of James V., 1525, we learn that the cost, in Scottish money, of a beeve from grass, (*merna herbalis*.) was thirty shillings; a sheep, five shillings; a boll of wheat, twenty-two shillings; and a gallon of ale, twenty-pence. Thus, although the Italian minstrels got but 11s. 8d. sterling amongst them, each man received the value of a sheep and an ox.

music is so universal, especially among country people and in a pastoral age, and airs are so easily, indeed in many instances so intuitively, acquired, that when a melody has once been divulged in any district, a criterion is immediately established in almost every ear; and this criterion being the more infallible in proportion as it requires less effort in judging, we have thus, in all directions and at all times, a tribunal of the utmost accuracy and unequalled impartiality (for it is unconscious of its own authority) governing the musical traditions of the people, and preserving the native airs and melodies of every country in their integrity, from the earliest periods." This assertion is not by any means borne out by a comparison of the ancient airs of Scotland, as preserved in MSS., with the traditional versions of the same airs; and further inquiry would incline us to the opinion that the same discrepancy exists in the music of all countries that have any ancient MSS. to place in juxtaposition with the modern airs as handed down by tradition. Sufficient proof of this, in as far as Scottish music is concerned, will be found scattered through the Notes appended to the airs. To these we refer for many particulars respecting our national music, which it is unnecessary here to repeat: we prefer occupying our limited space with some account of the various ancient MSS. which are alluded to in the course of the work, as well as of the principal modern editions of the Songs and Melodies of Scotland.

#### ANCIENT SCOTTISH MANUSCRIPTS CONTAINING SCOTTISH MELODIES.

**SKENE MS.**—Belongs to the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. Supposed by the eminent antiquary, David Laing, Esq., to have been written about thirty or forty years after the commencement of the seventeenth century. Translated by the Editor of this work; and the translation published, with a Dissertation, &c., by the late William Dauney, Esq., Advocate, in one vol. 4to, at Edinburgh, November 1838. It contains a number of Scottish airs, besides foreign dance-tunes. Mr. Laing says, that the collection was formed by John Skene of Hallyards, in Mid-Lothian, the second son of the eminent lawyer, Sir John Skene of Currichill.

**STRALOCH MS.**—Robert Gordon of Straloch's MS. Lute-book, dated 1627-29. A small oblong 8vo, at one time in the library of Charles Burney, Mus. Doc.; then in that of the late James Chalmers, Esq., of London, after whose death it was sold with his other books and MSS. In January 1839, it was sent by Mr. Chalmers to Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh, for his inspection, and by Mr. Laing to the Editor of this work, who had permission to copy it. He made extracts from it, which are now in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh. Robert Gordon of Straloch, in Aberdeenshire, was a distinguished person in his day. There is some perplexity occasioned by the difference of designation bestowed upon this gentleman by different writers. The late Mr. William Dauney, in the Appendix to his Dissertation upon the Skene MS., &c., calls him Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, when referring to the MS. Lute-book of 1627-29. Mr. David Laing, in his Illustrations to Johnson's Museum, does not give him the Sir; though in the preface, p. xxi., he calls him Sir Robert Gordon. We learn the following particulars of him from the Straloch papers, printed by the Spalding Club, in the first volume of their Miscellany, edited by their Secretary, John Stuart, Esq., Advocate:—Robert Gordon was the second son of Sir John Gordon of Pitlurg, and was born in 1580. Soon after his marriage in 1608, he bought the estate of Straloch, ten miles north of Aberdeen, the title arising from which he retained through life, although he succeeded to the estate of Pitlurg, by the death of his elder brother, in 1619. He devoted himself chiefly to the study of geography, history, and antiquities; and so celebrated was he for his attainments as a geographer, that in 1641 he was requested by Charles I. to undertake the execution of an Atlas of Scotland. This he completed in 1648, with the assistance of his son, James Gordon, parson of Rothiemay. It is the far-famed "Theatrum Scoticæ,"—a work which is still considered one of the most accurate delineations of Scotland and its islands. Although chiefly known as a geographer and antiquary, Robert Gordon was much employed in various negotiations between the contending factions in the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth; in proof of which, we find among the Straloch papers letters from the Marquis of Argyll, George Lord Gordon, the heroic friend of Montrose, and Lord Lewis Gordon, afterwards third Marquis of Huntly. As Sir John Gordon, his father, was knighted only by James VI., his title of course died with him, and we do not find that his son ever received any title as a reward for his services. His testament, dated 1657, commences, "I, Mr. Robert Gordon of Straloch, considering with myself my great age," &c. He died in August 1661.

**ROWALLAN MS.**—A MS. Lute-book, written by Sir William Mure of Rowallan, who died in 1657, aged 63. It was probably written about the same time as the Straloch MS., and was lately in the possession of Mr. Lyle, Surgeon at Airth. Its contents are chiefly foreign dance-tunes, with a very few Scottish airs. Sir William Mure was distinguished as a scholar and a poet. See "Historie and descent of the house of Rowallane," from the original MS. by Sir William, edited by the Rev. Mr. Muir, Glasgow, 1825; and, "Ancient Ballads and Songs," by Thomas Lyle, 1827.

**LEYDEN MS.**—Belonged to the celebrated Doctor John Leyden. It is now in the possession of Mr. James Telfer, Schoolmaster, Saughtrees, Liddesdale. It is written in tablature for the Lyra-viol, and was sent, in 1844, to the Editor of this work, with permission to transcribe and translate from it. The transcript he made from it, of all the tunes in tablature, is now in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh. Its date is uncertain, but cannot be earlier than towards the close of the seventeenth century, since we find in it, "King James' march to Ireland," and "Boyne Water," both relating to events in 1690. It contains a number of Scottish tunes, some of which have been referred to in the Notes of this work.

**GUTHIRIE (?) MS.**—A number of Scottish and other tunes, in tablature, discovered by David Laing, Esq., in a volume of Notes of Sermons preached by James Guthrie, the Covenanting minister, who was executed in 1661, for declining the jurisdiction of the King and Council. See Mr. Dauney's Dissertation, pages 139-143. It is very doubtful when these tunes were written, and whether they were written by the same person who penned the rest of the volume.

**BLAIKIE MSS.**—The late Mr. Andrew Blaikie, Engraver, Paisley, was in possession of two volumes written in tablature, each containing a number of Scottish airs. One of these volumes was dated 1683, and the other 1692; the latter in tablature for the *Viol da Gamba*. The former was lost, but contained, with few exceptions, only the same tunes as the later volume. Both MSS. were written in the same hand. See Mr. Dauney's Dissertation, pages 143-146.

**CROCKAT MS.**—This MS. Music-book is frequently referred to by Mr. Stenhouse in his Notes on Johnson's Museum. It is dated 1709, and belonged to a Mrs. Crockat, of whom we have not been able to learn anything. The volume is now in the possession of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.

**MACFARLANE'S MSS.**—"A collection of Scotch airs, with the latest variations, written for the use of Walter MacFarlane of that ilk. By David Young, W.M. in Edinburgh. 1740." 3 vols. folio. Belongs to the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland. The first volume was lent many years ago, and was never returned.

Besides these MSS. there are a few others, which are mentioned by Mr. Dauney, pages 146, 147, of his Dissertation. One, dating about the beginning of the eighteenth century; and another, 1706, in the possession of David Laing, Esq.; a third, dated 1704, belonging to the Advocates' Library; and a fourth, 1715, the property of Mr. Waterston, stationer in Edinburgh. It is probable that several old music-books in tablature may still be hidden in the repositories of Scottish families of rank; and we would entreat the possessors of such books to rescue them from oblivion and destruction, by sending them to some public library for preservation. We are convinced, that many such books in tablature have been lost or destroyed within the last two centuries, through carelessness, and from ignorance of their value.

#### PRINTED COLLECTIONS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN SCOTTISH MELODIES.

OUR limited space prevents us from giving a complete list of these Collections. The reader will find their titles and dates given by Messrs. Laing and Sharpe in the Introduction to Messrs. Blackwood's edition of Johnson's Museum, Edinburgh, 1839. We shall confine our list to a few of the most important modern Collections, accompanied by such remarks as may seem appropriate.

**JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.**—This is the earliest very extensive modern Collection of Scottish Melodies and Songs. It was published at Edinburgh, 1787-1803, and consisted of six volumes 8vo, containing 600 melodies with songs adapted to them by various authors; and among these, Robert Burns, the most distinguished of all Scottish song-writers. A new edition of the work was published in 1839 by Messrs. Blackwood of Edinburgh, containing a Preface and Introduction by David Laing, Esq., and very valuable Notes and Illustrations by him and by C. K. Sharpe, Esq., in addition to the Notes, &c., written by the late Mr. William Stenhouse. The music and poetry were reprinted from the original plates engraved by Johnson. To each melody in Johnson's Museum, there was nothing added in harmony, except a figured-bass for the harpsichord. The harmony intended, was merely indicated in the usual vague and arbitrary manner, by the arithmetical numerals;\* and there were no introductory or concluding symphonies added to the melodies. The kind liberality of the Messrs. Blackwood has enabled the Publishers of this work to avail themselves of those valuable Notes and Illustrations above referred to; and thus to render this new Collection much more interesting than it could otherwise have been.

**NAPIER'S COLLECTION.**—The next Collection of Scottish Melodies and Songs was that published by William Napier, in London, in two volumes, folio. The first volume, dedicated to the Duchess of Gordon, was published in 1790. It contained eighty-one airs with songs, and the airs were harmonized by four professional musicians,

\* See Graham's Essay on Musical Composition for remarks on the absurd imperfections of figured-basses. A. & C. Black, Edinburgh. 1838.

viz., Dr. S. Arnold, William Shield, both Englishmen; Thomas Carter, an Irishman; and F. H. Barthelemon, a Frenchman, and eminent violinist. The harmony consisted of a figured-bass for the harpsichord, with a violin accompaniment. There were no introductory or concluding symphonies. The second volume was published in 1792, dedicated to the Duchess of York, and contained 100 other Scottish melodies and songs; the whole of the airs harmonized by that great composer Joseph Haydn. In this, as in the first volume, there were no symphonies; and there was only a violin accompaniment printed along with the voice-part, and the harpsichord-part with its figured-bass.

**URBANI'S (PIETRO) COLLECTION.**—He was an Italian singer and music-teacher, settled for some years in Edinburgh. He died at Dublin in December 1816, aged 67. About the close of last century, he published “A Selection of Scots Songs, harmonized and improved, with simple and adapted graces,” &c. The work extended finally to six folio volumes, and contained upwards of one hundred and fifty Scottish melodies, with their respective songs. The Melodies were harmonized by Urbani, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte; the harmony filled up in notes for the right hand; and the first four volumes have, besides, accompaniments for two violins and a viola, all printed in score, along with the voice-part. Each song has introductory and concluding symphonies. The sixth volume is dated 1804. The second volume was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1794; so that the first volume was probably published in 1792, or 1793, or even earlier. The want of the date of publication, in almost every musical work, is a very absurd omission, and often causes much difficulty and perplexity to the musical antiquary. Urbani's selection is remarkable in three respects; the novelty of the number and kind of instruments used in the accompaniments; the filling up of the pianoforte harmony; and the use, for the first time, of introductory and concluding symphonies to the melodies.

**THOMSON'S (GEORGE) COLLECTION.**—The Editor of this large and handsome work, in folio, was George Thomson, Esq., late of the Trustees' Office, Edinburgh—still living in a wonderfully vigorous old age. It appears that Mr. Thomson projected his work in 1792—that he began his correspondence with Robert Burns in September 1792, in order to obtain songs from that remarkable man; and that their correspondence ended in July 1796, the month and year in which Burns died. Mr. Thomson engaged Pleyel, Kozeluch, and Haydn, at different times, and latterly Beethoven, Hummel, and Weber, to harmonize the melodies, and to compose introductory and concluding symphonies for them. In Mr. Thomson's work, the right-hand part for the pianoforte was written by the composer, with the harmony filled up in notes, as it ought to be played. This was a great improvement upon the former very uncertain system of figured-basses; which were a kind of musical short-hand, fitted only for the use of the most skilful harmonists and practical musicians. Separate accompaniments, &c., for violin or flute and violoncello were added to Mr. Thomson's work. The Editor of the present Collection lately requested Mr. Thomson to furnish him with some information regarding the dates, &c., of the different volumes of his work. Mr. Thomson was so obliging as to write to him as follows:—

“26th October 1847. All that I can undertake to do, or which appears to me necessary, is to show you the date of publication of each volume or half volume of my Scottish Airs and Songs, as entered at Stationers' Hall—for which see next page—making six volumes folio, for the voice and pianoforte, with separate symphonies and accompaniments for the violin or flute, and violoncello—each volume having an engraved frontispiece, besides smaller engraved embellishments; the symphonies and accompaniments composed by Pleyel, Kozeluch, Haydn, Beethoven, Hummel, and Weber;—the songs written chiefly, above 100 of them, by Burns, and the rest by Campbell, Sir Walter Scott, Professor Smyth, Joanna Baillie, &c.

“ Note of the dates of publication of Mr. George Thomson's Scottish Airs and Songs, in six vols. folio :—	
“ Vol. 1.—The 1st Book or half vol. of Airs and Songs, 25 in number, entered at Stationers' Hall June 1793;	
2d Book of do.; together, a vol., . . . . .	August 1798.
“ Vol. 2.—The 3d and 4th Books of 50 Airs and Songs, . . . . .	July 1799.
“ Vol. 3.—The 5th and 6th Books of 50 do., . . . . .	July 1802.
“ Vol. 4.—The 7th and 8th Books of 50 do., . . . . .	July 1805.
“ Vol. 5.—The 9th and 10th Books, 33 do., and 32 do., . . . . .	August 1818-1826.
“ Vol. 6.—The 11th and 12th Books, of 50 do., . . . . .	September 1841.

“I published also an edition of these Airs and Songs in six vols. royal 8vo, intended for persons who might wish for copies at a lower price than the folio.” (1822.)

**WHYTE'S (WILLIAM) COLLECTION.**—Published by William Whyte of Edinburgh, in 1806, in two volumes, folio. The first volume, dedicated to Lady Charlotte Campbell, contained forty Scottish melodies, harmonized by Joseph Haydn for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, with introductory and concluding symphonies to the melodies. The second volume contained twenty-five melodies, also harmonized by Haydn.

**SMITH'S (R. A.) COLLECTION.**—This work, edited by Mr. R. A. Smith—who was for some years precentor of St. George's Church, Edinburgh—and by some other persons not named, consists of six vols. 8vo. The Advertisement to volume sixth is dated January 1824. It contains ancient and modern Scottish Airs and Songs. The accompaniment for the pianoforte is printed in notes as it is to be played. There are no introductory or concluding symphonies.

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Charlie is my darling,	90	The hirkis of Invermay,	72
Colle to me the ryssys green, ( <i>note</i> .)	31	The bonnie briar bush,	148
Comin' thro' the broom, ( <i>note</i> .)	51	The bonnie black eagle, ( <i>note</i> .)	25
Corn rigs,	48	The brisk young lad,	62
Duncan Gray,	122	The braes o' Yarrow,	38
Fair Janet,	93	The braes o' Balquhidder,	112
Fy to the hills in the morning, ( <i>note</i> .)	155	The bridegroom grat,	20
For a' that, and a' that, ( <i>App.</i> 167.)	152	The broom o' the Cowdenknowes, ( <i>App.</i> 163.)	56
For lack of gold,	146	The hnsh aboon Traquair,	18
Gala water,	50	The ewe-hughtis,	120
Gloomy winter's now awa', ( <i>App.</i> 159.)	6	The flowers of the forest, (old air,) ( <i>App.</i> 159.)	2
Green grow the rashes, O !	30	The flowers of the forest, (modern air,)	4
Happy Dick Dawson, ( <i>note</i> .)	131	The Gypsie laddie,	114
Hand awa' frac me, Donald, ( <i>note</i> .)	77	The highway to Edinburgh, ( <i>note</i> .)	25
Here's a health to ane that's awa',	134	The house of Glammis, ( <i>note</i> .)	17
Hey now the day dawis, ( <i>note and App.</i> )	79-165	The lady's gounce, ( <i>note and App.</i> )	39, 162
Hey, tuttie tattie, ( <i>App.</i> 165.)	78-80	The Laird o' Cockpen,	42
I am the Duke of Norfolk, ( <i>note</i> .)	129	The lassie lost her silken snood, ( <i>note</i> .)	33
I had a horse, and I had nae mair,	106	The last time I cam' o'er the muir, (see, Alas, that I cam' o'er the muir,) ( <i>App.</i> 165.)	88
I lo'e na a laddie bnt ane, ( <i>App.</i> 166.)	130	The lea rig,	142
I will not go to my hed till I suld die, ( <i>App.</i> 168.)	156	The lowlands o' Holland, ( <i>notes</i> .)	13, 34
Jock the laird's brither, ( <i>note</i> .)	127	The lone vale,	26
John Anderson, my jo,	128	The mill, mill, O,	124
John, come kiss me now, ( <i>note</i> .)	129	The mnckin' o' Geordie's byre, ( <i>note</i> .)	25
Johnnie Cope, ( <i>App.</i> 167.)	154	The pibroch of Donuil Dhu,	96
Johnnie Faa,	114	The posie,	110
Kind Robin lo'es me,	10	The soldier's return,	124
Lady Badinsooth's reel, ( <i>note</i> .)	117	The song of death,	136
Lady Cassilis' lilt, ( <i>note</i> .)	115	The sonter's daughter, ( <i>note</i> .)	99
Lewie Gordon,	40	The weary pand o' tow, ( <i>App.</i> 167.)	140
Locheil's march, ( <i>note</i> .)	97	The white cockade,	64
Logan water, ( <i>App.</i> 164.)	70	The winter it is past,	118
Logie o' Buchan,	82	There was a pretty May,	110
Lord Balgonie's favourite, ( <i>note</i> .)	7	This is no my ain honsse,	108
Lord Gregory,	54	Thou art gane awa',	76
Miss Admiral Gordon's strathspey, ( <i>notes</i> , 13, 85.)	86	Tullochgorum,	52
Morag,	46	Tweedside, ( <i>App.</i> 166.)	104
My ain kind dearie,	142	Twine weel the plaiden,	32
My boy Tammy,	60	Wandering Willie,	66
My love's in Germany,	28	Welcome home, old Rowley, ( <i>note</i> .)	77
My lodging is on the cold ground, ( <i>note</i> .)	131	Wha'll be king but Charlie?	138
My love she's but a lassie yet,	116	When she cam' ben she hobbit,	42
My Nannie, O,	34	Wilt thou be my dearie?	98
My tocher's the jewel,	24	Wo betyd thy weary hodie, ( <i>note</i> .)	9
Muirland Willie, ( <i>note</i> .)	61	Women's wark will never be done, ( <i>note</i> .)	25
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,	86	Yon burn-side,	150
Oh! why left I my hame?	12		



# SCOTTISH SONGS.

## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

OLD AIR.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

*p* = 80

ADAGIO.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the piano, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The tempo is marked as Adagio. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *pp*, *p*, and *cres.*. The vocal part begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line. The first section of lyrics is: "I've heard them lilt - in' at the ewe milk - in', Lass - es a - lilt - in' be - fore dawn of day." The second section continues: "Now there's a moan - in' on il - ka green loan - in', The Flowers of the Fo - rest are cres."

At buughts in the mornin', nae blithe lads are scornin',  
 Lasses are lanely, and dowie, and wae;  
 Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighin' and sabbin';  
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

At e'en in the gloamin', nae swankies are roamin'  
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;  
 But ilk maid sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie,  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

In har'st at the shearin', nae youths now are jeerin',  
 Bandsters are runkled, and lyart, or grey;  
 At fair or at preachin', nae wooin' nae fleecchin',  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool for the order sent our lads to the Border,  
 The English for ance by guile wan the day;  
 The Flowers of the Forest that fought aye the foremost,  
 The prime of our land lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hae nae mair littin' at the ewe milkin',  
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;  
 Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin',  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

"THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST." The earliest known copy of this fine melody is that, in tablature, in the Skene MS., preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh; and which appears to have been written in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. The copy above printed, (by permission,) is from the translation of the Skene MS. made for the late Mr. William Dauney, Advocate, by the Editor of this work, and which appeared in Mr. Dauney's Ancient Scottish Melodies. The old ballad, a lament for the disastrous field of Flodden, has been lost, with the exception of a line or two, incorporated in Miss Elliot's verses. Its place has been well supplied by the two lyrics which we give in this work, adapted to the ancient and the modern versions of the air. The earliest of these, that beginning "I've seen the smiling," (see pp. 4, 5,) was written by Miss Alison Rutherford, daughter of Robert Rutherford, Esq., of Fernylee, in Selkirkshire, who was afterwards married to Mr. Cockburn, son of the then Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland. The second in point of time was that which we have given above. It was written by Miss Jane Elliot, sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, and was published anonymously about 1755. "From its close and happy imitation of ancient manners, it was by many considered as a genuine production of some old but long-forgotten minstrel. It did not however escape the eagle eye of Burns. 'This fine ballad,' says he, 'is even a more palpable imitation than Hardiknute. The *manners* are indeed old, but the *language* is of yesterday. Its author must very soon be discovered!'"—*Reliques*. It was so; and to Mr. Ramsay of Ochtertyre, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., and the Rev. Dr. Somerville of Jedburgh, we are indebted for the discovery. See Blackwood's edition of Johnson's Musical Museum, in 1839, vol. i., Illustrations, p. 64 *et seq.*, and p. 122 *et seq.*\* Also Dauney's Ancient Scottish Melodies p. 152 of Dissertation, *et passim*.

\* To save room, future reference to these "Illustrations" will be abbreviated thus:—"Museum Illustrations," adding the volume and page.

## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

MODERN AIR.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{C} = 76$

ADAGIO  
MESTO.

I've seen the smi - ling of For - tune be - guil - ing, I've felt all its fa - vours, and

found its de - cay: Sweet was its bless - ing, kind its ea - ress - ing, But

now 'tis fled, 'tis fled far a - way; I've seen the fo - rest a -

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The lyrics for this section are: "dor - ned the fore - most, With flow - ers of the fair - est, most plea - sant and gay, Sae". The second system continues with the same key and time signature. The lyrics are: "bon - ny was their bloom - ing, their scent the air per - fu - ming, But now they are wi - ther-ed and". The third system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "a' wede a - way.". The fourth system continues with the same key and time signature. The lyrics are: "I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,  
And the dread tempest roaring before parting day;  
I've seen Tweed's silver streams  
Glitt'ring in the sunny beams,  
Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.  
O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?  
O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?  
Thy frowns cannot fear me,  
Thy smiles cannot cheer me,  
For the Flowers of the Forest are withered away."

"THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST." In our Note upon the old air, we have already mentioned Miss Rutherford, the authoress of these verses. She was born in 1710 or 1712; married Patrick Cockburn, Esq., of Ormiston, in 1731, and died at Edinburgh in 1794. Sir Walter Scott recounts the following anecdote of her:—"Mrs. Cockburn was a keen Whig. I remember having heard repeated a parody on Prince Charles's proclamation, in burlesque verse, to the tune of 'Clout the Caldron.' In the midst of the siege or blockade of the Castle of Edinburgh, the carriage in which Mrs. Cockburn was returning from a visit to Ravelston was stopped by the Highland guard at the West Port; and as she had a copy of the parody about her person, she was not a little alarmed at the consequences; especially as the officer talked of searching the carriage for letters and correspondence with the Whigs in the city. Fortunately the arms on the coach were recognised as belonging to a gentleman favourable to the cause of the Adventurer, so that Mrs. Cockburn escaped, with the caution not to carry political squibs about her person in future."

## GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

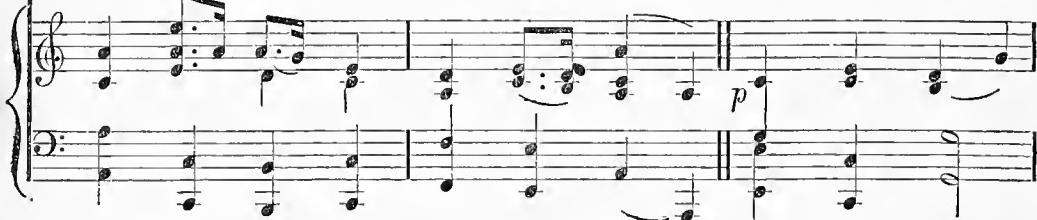
ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

 $\text{♩} = 92$ ANDANTE  
CON Moto.

Glee - my win - ter's new a - wa, Saft the west - lin' breez - es blaw,

*poco rall.*

'Mang the birk o' Stanley shaw, The ma - vis sings fu' cheer - ie, O. Sweet the crawflow'r's ear - ly bell,



Decks Glen - if - fer's dew - y dell, Blooming like thy ben - nie sel', My young, my art - less dear - ie, O.



The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is G major. The tempo is indicated by 'f' (fortissimo) and 'p' (pianissimo). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

Come, my las - sie, let us stray O'er Glen - kil - loch's sun - ny brae, Blythe - ly spend the gowden day 'Midst  
 joys that ne - ver wea-rie, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds;  
 Siller saugh, wi' downy buds,  
 Adorn the banks sae briery, O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,  
 Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,  
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O.

Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,  
 Joy to me they canna bring,  
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

"GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA." The melody appears in Johnson's Museum, No. 594, differing in several notes from the air published as "Lord Balgonie's Favourite, a very old Highland tune," in Gow's Fourth Collection of Reels, &c. The set in Gow's collection is the better of the two, and has been adopted in this work, with one or two changes made by the arranger. In Gow's set, the G at the close is natural; and that suits the antiquity of the air better. In Johnson's set, the G is sharp. We learn,—vol. vi., page 508 of Illustrations of Johnson's Musical Museum,—that Mr. Alexander Campbell, the editor of Albyn's Anthology, claimed this tune as his own composition. The question remains undecided between Messrs. Gow and Campbell. The words here given were composed by the late Robert Tannahill of Paisley, who died 17th May 1810, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. See Appendix.

## BONNIE WEE THING.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{C} = 108$   
ANDANTE  
AFFETTUOSO.

Bon - nie wee thing, ean - nie wee thing, Love - ly wee thing, wert thou mine;

I would wear thee in my bo - som, Lest my jew - el I should tine.

Wish - ful - ly I look and lan - guish, In that hon - nie

face of thine ; And my heart it sounds with an - guish,

Lest my wee thing be na mine.

In the following stanza the first four lines are sung to the second part of the air, and the burden or chorus to the first part.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,  
In ae constellation shine !  
To adore thee is my duty,  
Goddess of this soul o' mine.  
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine ;  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel I should tine.

"BONNIE WEE THING." Mr. Stenhouse informs us that "These verses, beginning 'Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,' were composed by Burns, as he informs us, *on his little idol, the charming lordly Davies.—Reliques*. The words are adapted to the tune of 'The bonnie wee thing,' in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv., p. 320. In the MS. Lute-book of Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, dated 1627-9, there is a tune called "Wo betyd thy wearie bodie," which contains the rudiments of the air, "Bonnie wee thing." That lute-book was sent to the Editor in January 1839, in order that he might translate and transcribe from it what he pleased. The original has disappeared since the sale of the library of the late Mr. Chambers of London, to whom it belonged. What the Editor transcribed from it, he intends to send to the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, for preservation.

We subjoin a translation of the air "Wo betyd thy wearie bodie," above alluded to :—

## KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 69$

MODERATO.

Robin is my on - ly joe, For Robin has the art to lo'e, So

to his suit I mean to bow, Be - cause I ken he lo'es me.

Hap - py, hap - py, was the show'r That led me to his

bir - ken bow'r, Where first of love I fand the pow'r, And  
kend that Ro . bin lo'ed me.

The verses within brackets may be omitted.

[They speak of napkins, speak of rings,  
Speak of gloves and kissing strings,  
And name a thousand bonny things,  
And ca' them signs he lo'es me.  
But I'd prefer a smack of Rob,  
Sporting on the velvet fog,  
To gifts as lang's a plaiden wab,  
Because I ken he lo'es me.]

He's tall and soney, frank and free,  
Lo'ed by a', and dear to me;  
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd dee,  
Because my Robin lo'es me!  
My sister Mary, said to me,  
Our courtship but a joke wad be,  
And I, or lang, be made to see,  
That Robin did na lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been  
Me and my honest Rob between,  
And in his wooing, O so keen  
Kind Robin is that lo'es me.  
Then fly ye lazy hours away,  
And hasten on the happy day,  
When, "Join your hands," Mess John shall say,  
And mak' him mine that lo'es me.

[Till then let every chance unite,  
To weigh our love, and fix delight,  
And I'll look down on such wi' spite.  
Wha doubt that Robin lo'es me.  
O hey, Robin, quo' she,  
O hey, Robin, quo' she,  
O hey, Robin, quo' she,  
Kind Robin lo'es me.]

"KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME." The words of this song, beginning "Robin is my only joe," were printed in David Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs, 1776. The tune bears marks of antiquity. Its composer is unknown. See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 421. The last four lines seem to be a fragment of an older song to the same air. They will not sing to the modern version of the air, and therefore it has been thought that the genuine old air also was lost. But we have met with an old version of the air, which proves that the only difference between it and the modern one consisted in the occasional dividing of one note into two, in order to suit the greater number of syllables in each line of the modern song. If the first, third, and fifth bars (measures) are each made to consist of two minims, and the first two crotchetts of the seventh bar be changed into one minim, the air will then be found to suit the last four lines of the song. This version of the air was discovered in the Macfarlane MS., a Collection made for the Laird of Macfarlane about 1740-43, and now in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. It consisted of three folio volumes, the first of which has unfortunately been lost, and the second mutilated by the date upon it being torn away.

## OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 84$

ANDANTE  
CON MOLTA  
ESPRESSIONE.

dim.  
Oh! why left I my

hame? Why did I cross the deep? Oh! why left I the

land Where my fore-fathers sleep? I sigh for Scotia's

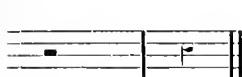
Vol I. Woods Songs of Scotland

page 13. Oswald never claimed The Lowlands of Holland

" 17 - Oswald said to have passed off his own composition as tune of Rizzio -



" 25 - The last remark differs from -



" 105 Oswald said to pass off his own as Rizzio's. When will the track etc

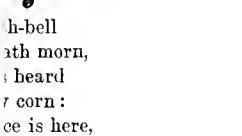


Vol II.

page 13. Rizzio's tunes again fathered by Oswald.

" 51. Oswald - another at 84,

" 87. Name taken from Thomson and passed Oswald.



h-bell  
ith morn,  
i heard  
r corn :  
ce is here,  
averie ;  
om shines  
ie.

Vol III.

Page 37. "Blithe gray breches in thy blaw -

Oswald probably manufactured the present version in 2d. Remark however for Oswald made No. 116 -

Linnet.

can draw. See Museum, Introduction to Vol. I. p. 81, and Illustrations, Vol. II. p. 15. Mr. Stenhouse erred in saying that the tune No. 116 in Johnson's Museum, was published by James Oswald in 1742; for, on looking into Oswald's Second Collection, we find, p. 25, "The low lands of Holland," a tune totally unlike the one under the same name in Johnson. The original of that tune, published by Oswald, is to be found in No. 17 of the Skene MS.; a fact which at once demolishes Oswald's claim to the tune, and brings additional proof of his utter untrustworthiness. See pp. 84, 85, of this work for "The Lowlands of Holland," and pp. 86, 87, for "Of a' the airts the wind can blow."

ie called "The Lowlands of The former tune was publ  
hter. The late Mr. William t, transformed Oswald's air  
, "Of a' the airts the wind

The low tones of Scotland - The original  
of this line, published by C. H. W. & Co.,  
found in No. 17 of the *Sheire M. S.*, a fact which  
at once demolishes G. W.ald's claim to the song,  
and affords additional proof of his utter mi-  
nority of views. G. W.ald never claimed it, but  
proves the correctness of the statement made  
by Dr. Lister and Mr. Hall -

~~Roslin Coast etc. he never claimed - His~~  
G. W.ald practised several songs of which the  
subject is said to be, by passing off names of his own compositions  
as compositions of David Ringer. His tricks of that  
kind are frequently alluded to in a portion of a  
letter from him, printed in the *Edinburgh Review* for October 1744.



poco rall.

colla voce.

The palm-tree waveth high,  
And fair the myrtle springs,  
And to the Indian maid  
The bulbul sweetly sings;  
But I dinna see the broom,  
Wi' its tassels on the lea,  
Nor hear the lintie's<sup>2</sup> sang  
O' my ain countrie.

Oh! here no Sabbath-bell  
Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
Nor song of reapers heard  
Amang the yellow corn:  
For the tyrant's voice is here,  
And the wail of slaverie;  
But the sun of freedom shines  
In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,  
And a balm for every pain,  
But the first joys of our heart  
Come never back again.  
There's a track upon the deep,  
And a path across the sea,  
But the weary ne'er return  
To their ain countrie.

<sup>1</sup> Glimpse.

<sup>2</sup> Linnet.

"OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME?" In Johnson's Museum, vol. ii. No. 115, we find a tune called "The Lowlands of Holland," which remarkably resembles the tune here set to Mr. R. Gilfillan's words. The former tune was published by James Oswald, in 1742, and was ascribed to him by his sister and his daughter. The late Mr. William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, and remarkable for his natural musical talent, transformed Oswald's air into "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," to which Burns wrote the charming song, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." See Museum, Introduction to vol. i. p. 51; and Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 115. Mr. Stenhouse erred in saying that the tune No. 116 in Johnson's Museum, was published by James Oswald in 1742; for, on looking into Oswald's Second Collection, we find, p. 25, "The low lands of Holand," a tune totally unlike the one under the same name in Johnson. The original of that tune, published by Oswald, is to be found in No. 17 of the Skene MS.; a fact which at once demolishes Oswald's claim to the tune, and brings additional proof of his utter untrustworthiness. See pp. 84, 85, of this work for "The Lowlands of Holland," and pp. 86, 87, for "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw."

## BIDE YE YET.

ARRANGED BY H. E. DIBDIN.

$\text{P} \cdot = 72$

Moderato.

Gin I had a wee house, and a can - ty wee fire, A  
 hon - nie wee wi - fie to praise and admire, A bon - nie wee yardie be - side a wee burn; Fare -  
 weel to the bodies that yammer and mourn. Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet, Ye lit - tle ken what may be -

1 X

cres. *mf*

tide me yet, Some bon-nie we bod-ie may fa' to my lot, And I'll aye be can-ty wi'  
 thinkin' o't, wi' tthinkin' o't, wi' thinkin' o't, I'll aye be cantasy wi' thinkin' o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,  
 I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat and fu' clean,  
 And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,  
 That will cry papa or daddy to me.

Sae bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should happen ever to be  
 A difference between my wee wifie an' me,  
 In hearty good humour, although she be teas'd,  
 I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleas'd.  
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

"*BIDE YE YET.*" The age of this tune is not known. The verses here published appeared anonymously in D. Herd's Collection of Scottish Songs, about seventy years ago. Words to the same tune, beginning, "Alas, my son, you little know," were composed by Miss Jenny Graham, eldest daughter of William Graham of Shaw, Esq., in Annandale. Burns spoke highly of these words; which also were printed in Herd's Collection. See Museum Illustrations, vol. i., pp. 100 and 141.

## ROS LIN CASTLE.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

*LARGHETTO.*

$\text{C} = 104$

'Twas in the sea . son of the year, When all things gay and

sweet appear, That Co - lin, with the morn - ing ray, A - rose and sung his

ru - ral lay. Of Nan - ny's charms the shew - herd sung, The hills and dales with

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time and G major. The top staff features a soprano vocal line with lyrics: "Nan - ny rung; And Ros - lin Cas - tle heard the swain, And". The middle staff shows a piano accompaniment with a bass line. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The music includes dynamic markings like *p*, *mf*, *f*, and *p*. The lyrics continue on the second page of the music.

Awake, sweet muse! the breathing spring  
With rapture warms; awake, and sing!  
Awake, and join the vocal throng  
Who hail the morning with a song;  
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,  
O bid her haste and come away;  
In sweetest smiles herself adorn.  
And add new graces to the morn.

O bark, my love, on every spray  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;  
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng:  
And love inspires the melting song.  
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,  
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,  
And love my rising bosom warms,  
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay  
With rapture calls, O come away!  
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine  
Around that modest brow of thine;  
O hither haste, and with thee bring  
That beauty blooming like the spring,  
Those graces that divinely shine,  
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

"*Roslin Castle.*" The composer of this melody is not known. It has been wrongly ascribed to James Oswald, who never laid any claim to it. In his Collection, it is not marked as one of his own tunes; and, indeed, it was published in a prior Collection, M'Gibbon's, under the name of the "*House of Glams.*" Oswald practised several unpardonable deceptions upon the public, by passing off tunes of his own as compositions of David Rizzio. His tricks of that kind are pointedly alluded to in a poetical epistle to him, printed in the Scots Magazine for October 1741. The verses here given, which Burns called "beautiful," were written by Richard Hewitt, a native of Cumberland, who died in 1764. When a boy, he was engaged to lead blind Dr. Blacklock; who, pleased with his intelligence, educated him, and employed him as his amanuensis. See *Museum Illustrations*, vol. i., pp. 5 and 108, and vol. iv., pp. 406-7.

## THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

ARRANGED BY A. LAWRIE.

$\text{P} = 58$

ANDANTE  
AFFETTUOSO.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev' - ry swain, I'll tell how Peg - gy

grieves me; Tho' thus I lan - guish and eom - plain, A - las ! she ne'er be -

lieves me. My vows and sighs, like si - lent air, Un - heed - ed, ne - ver

move her: The bon - nie bush a - boon Traquair, Was where I first did  
 love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,  
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;  
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her.  
 I tried to soothe my amorous flame,  
 In words that I thought tender;  
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,  
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,  
 The fields we then frequented;  
 If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,  
 And looks as ne'er acquainted.  
 The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May,  
 Its sweets I'll aye remember;  
 But now her frowns make it deay,  
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,  
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?  
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,  
 Then let her smiles relieve me.  
 If not, my love will turn despair,  
 My passion no more tender;  
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,  
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

"THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR." Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This charming pastoral melody is ancient. It was formerly called 'The bonnie bush aboon Traquair.' It appears in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, adapted to the same beautiful stanzas that are inserted in the Museum, beginning '*Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,*' written by William Crawford, Esq., author of *Tweedside*, &c.; but the old song, it is believed, is lost." (See *Museum Illustrations*, vol. i, pp. 84-5.) Mr. D. Laing, however, (*ibid.* pp. 113-115,) points out the error of Mr. Stenhouse and other editors who ascribe the song to William Crawford (of Auchinames), while it, "Tweedside," &c., were written by Robert Crawford, a eadet of the family of Drumsoy. It appears that this gentleman was drowned in returning from France in 1732. The bush, or clump of trees, that gave name to the tune, is said to have stood on a hill above the lawn of the Earl of Traquair's house in Peeblesshire. We think that the tune was probably written down at first for some musical instrument; as its compass is too great for ordinary voices. This is the case with many old Scottish melodies. It may also be remarked, that the *accentuation* of the words, as applied to the tune, is often faulty; but this seems to have been little heeded by our older singers, and writers of verses to music. We must now take these old things as we find them; and be thankful that they are not altogether lost.

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

AIR, "THE BRIDEGROOM GRAT."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

 $\text{P} = 54$ POCO ADAGIO,  
CON SENTIMENTO.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the

kye at hame, And a' the wrold to sleep are gane; The

waes o' my heart fa' in show're frae my e'e, When

my gude - man lies sound by me.

poco rall.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride ;  
 But saving a crown, he had naething beside ;  
 To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea—  
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadn'a been gane a week but only twa,  
 When my father brake his arm, and the cow was stown awa' ;  
 My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father couldna work, and my mither couldna spin ;  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win.  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,  
 Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, O marry me."

My heart it said nay—I look'd for Jamie back ;  
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack.  
 The ship it was a wrack, why didna Jeanie dee ?  
 And why do I live to say, wae's me ?

My father urged me sair, my mither didna speak,  
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break.  
 So they gi'ed him my hand, though my heart was at the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
 When sitting sae mournfully [ae night] at the door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,  
 Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee !

O sair did we greet, and meikle did we say,  
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away ;  
 I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;  
 Oh ! why do I live to say, wae's me ?

I gang like a ghaist and I carena to spin,  
 I'darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;  
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray is [a] kind [man] to me.

---

"AULD ROBIN GRAY." (Old air, "The bridegroom grat.") The air appears to be old, and is the same to which the accompanying verses were written by Lady Anne Lindsay. See following Note.

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

ENGLISH AIR, COMPOSED BY REV. MR. LEEVES.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

*a tempo.*

$\text{P} = 80$

ADAGIO.

Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride; But

sav - ing a crownu, he had naethiog else he - side. To make that crownu a pound, my

Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the crownu and the pound were baith for me. He

*rall.*

*colla voce.*

*p*

cres.

cres.

rall.

p

rall.

colla voce.

The rest of the verses are given with the old air.

"AULD ROBIN GRAY." (Modern air.) The verses for the old air were written in 1770, or 1772, by Lady Anne Lindsay, eldest daughter of the Earl of Balcarra. A highly popular air to the same words was composed by the Rev. William Leeves, Rector of Wrington in Somersetshire. He tells us, that in 1770, having received a copy of the verses from the Honourable Mrs. Byron, he immediately set them to music. But, in a letter from Lady Anne Lindsay (then Barnard) to Sir Walter Scott, in July 1823, she says she composed the song "soon after the close of the year 1771." She, or Mr. Leeves, may have mistaken the year. Although not a Scottish melody, Mr. Leeves' air is given here, on account of its great popularity. In the edition of Lady Anne's song, published by Sir Walter Scott in 1825, and dedicated to the Bannatyne Club, a continuation of the song, and a second continuation of it, are given, together with the letter above quoted. In that edition there are a good many alterations of the original words of the first part; though not, it is thought, for the better. See Museum Illustrations. vol. iii. pp. 230-235, and 310-312. Also Sir Walter Scott's edition of the song in 1825, with Lady Anne Barnard's interesting letter.

## MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

ARRANGED BY H. E. DIEDIN.

$\text{P} = 66$

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the right hand and the bottom staff is for the left hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature starts at 6/8. The tempo is Allegretto (P=66). The arrangement includes dynamic markings such as *marcato*, *f*, *p*, *mf*, *sf*, and *cres.*. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a traditional Scottish ballad style. The lyrics are:

O mei - kle thinks my love o' my heau - ty, And mei - kle thinks my love  
o' my kin; But lit - tle thinks my love I ken brawlie, My tocher's the jew - el has  
charms for him. Its a' for the ap - ple be'll nourish the tree, Its a' for the hinney be'll

cher - ish the bee, My lad - die's sae mei - kle in love wi' the sil - ler, He  
can - na hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an arle-penny,  
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;  
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',  
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.

Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
Ye're like to the hark o' yon rotten tree,  
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

"*MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.*" Mr. Stenhouse says, "The words of this song, 'O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,' were written by Burns, in 1790, for the Museum. They are adapted to a jig in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book iii. p. 28, composed by him from the subject of an old air, in slow common time, called 'The highway to Edinburgh.' . . . Burns was mistaken in asserting, in the Reliques, that Gow, or any of his family, claimed this melody as their own composition; or even that it had been notoriously taken from 'The mucking o' Geordie's byre,' for it is nothing more than the subject of the old air of 'The highway to Edinburgh,' thrown into treble time." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. p. 304. There are three errors in this statement. 1st. Burns did not write the whole words of this song, but only a few of them, the others being old. This is given on the authority of Burns' sister, Mrs. Begg, who communicated the fact to Captain Charles Gray, R. M. 2d. Mr. Stenhouse is inconceivably wrong in stating that the tune is taken from the subject of an old air called "The highway to Edinburgh." There is no resemblance between the two tunes, except in two cadences. In Oswald's second Collection, dedicated to Frederick Prince of Wales, we find, p. 17, a tune called "The Black Eagle, by David Rizo," which is evidently the same, in all essentials, as "The highway to Edinburgh," given in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book v., but *not* with the name of Rizzio. The same tune occurs in M'Gibbon's Collection, under the name of "The bonny black eagle;" but in the MS. Lyra-Viol Book of the celebrated Dr. John Leyden, in tablature, and dating about the close of the seventeenth, or the early years of the eighteenth century, we find—No. 35 of that MS.—a tune called "Womens' work will never be done," which is only an older and much better set of the tune given by M'Gibbon and Oswald under the other names above-mentioned. This curious Leyden MS., which was supposed to be lost, when Mr. William Dauney published the Skene MS. in December 1838, was, in 1843, sent to the Editor of this work, with permission to copy and translate the whole. He has made a copy of the MS., intended for the Advocates' Library, in order to be preserved there. 3d. Mr. Stenhouse is equally wrong when he says, that Burns was mistaken in asserting that the tune, "My tocher's," &c., had been notoriously taken from "The mucking o' Geordie's byre." Burns was quite right, for the chief melodic forms of these two airs are almost identical; though the rhythm has been changed by additional measures interpolated in the former tune. The older tune is in three-four, and the derivative one in six-eight time, the former easily convertible into the latter.

## HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE!

GAELIC AIR.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{F} = 88$

LARGHETTO  
CON ESPRESSIONE.

How

sweet this lone vale! and how soothing to feeling, Yon ma-vis's notes, which in me-lo-dy melt; O -

bli - vion of woe in my mind geotly stealing, A panse from keen ang-nish a moment is felt.

The moon's yel-low light o'er the still lake is sleep-ing. Ah! near the sad spot, Ma-ry

sleeps in her tomb! A - gain the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping, And the sweets of the vale are all  
*ritenuto. pp*

shadow'd with gloom.

How sweet this lone vale ! All the beauties of Nature,  
 In varied features, are here to be seen ;  
 The lowly spread bush, and the oak's tow'ring stature,  
 Are mantled in foliage of gay lovely green.  
 Ah ! here is the spot, (Oh ! sad recollection !)  
 It is the retreat of my Mary no more ; —  
 How kind, how sincere, was the maiden's affection—  
 Till memory cease, I the loss must deplore.

How sweet this lone vale to a heart full of sorrow !  
 The wail of distress I unheeded can pour ;  
 My bosom o'ercharged may be lighter to-morrow,  
 By shedding a flood in the thick twisted bow'r.  
 O Mary ! in silence thou calmly reposest,  
 The bustle of life gives no trouble to thee ;  
 Bemoaning my Mary, life only discloses  
 A wilderness vacant of pleasure to me.

The following words, entitled "The Highland Emigrant," were written by a friend of the Publisher, for the same air, with some slight modifications of the melody in accentuation :—

The hills of my Highlands rise oft in my night-dreams,  
 And seem to remind me how far I'm away !  
 I see, in their cloud-mists, the ghosts of my Fathers,  
 Who frown on my absence so far, far away !

I see the glen-hamlet where Mary, my loved one,  
 With tears parted from me that heart-breaking day !  
 The morning sun shines, and I find I am lonely !  
 My country, my friends, are all far, far away !

"How SWEET THIS LONE VALE!" Mr. Stenhouse informs us that this song (that is, the first stanza) was written by the Honourable Andrew Erskine, brother of Thomas Earl of Kellie. Burns expressed his high admiration of this song. The author of the other stanzas is not known. Mr. Erskine was a lieutenant in the 71st regiment, and possessed considerable literary talent. Being unfortunately addicted to gambling, he met with severe losses, which appear to have urged him to commit suicide by drowning. His body was found in the Firth of Forth in September 1793. The melody is a Gaelic one. See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. pp. 490, 528, 529, and Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song,"—an excellent and extensive collection,—p. 442. With regard to the Earl of Kellie above alluded to, it is but tardy justice, in Scotland, to his musical talents, to remark, that he was the *first* Scotsman who ever composed orchestral overtures. He studied musical composition in Germany, under the elder Stamitz; and came home with more power on the violin, and more knowledge of musical composition, than most professors of his time possessed. Doctor Burney, who knew him, tells us this in his History of Music, vol. iv. page 677.

## MY LOVE'S IN GERMANY.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 72$

MODERATO.

The musical score consists of two staves for the piano. The top staff uses a treble clef and common time, starting with a forte dynamic (f). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and common time. The lyrics are written in a simple, rhythmic style below the staves, corresponding to the musical phrases. The score includes dynamics such as f, p, and crescendo marks (cres.)

My love's in Ger - ma - ny; Send him hame, send him hame, My  
 love's in Ger - ma - ny, Send him hame. My love's in Ger - ma - ny, Fight -  
 ing for roy - al - ty; He may ne'er his Jean - ie see; Send him hame, send him hame; He may

ne'er his Jean - ie see ; Send him hame.

He's brave as brave can be;  
Send him hame, send him hame ;  
He's brave as brave can be,  
Send him hame.  
He's brave as brave can be,  
He wad rather fa' than flee ;  
But his life is dear to me ;  
Send him hame, send him hame ;  
Oh ! his life is dear to me,  
Send him hame.

Our faes are ten to three ;  
Send him hame, send him hame ;  
Our faes are ten to three,  
Send him hame.  
Our faes are ten to three,  
He maun either fa' or flee,  
In the cause o' loyalty ;  
Send him hame, send him hame ;  
In the cause o' loyalty,  
Send him hame.

Your love ne'er learnt to flee,  
Bonny dame, winsome dame ;  
Your love ne'er learnt to flee,  
Winsome dame.  
Your love ne'er learnt to flee,  
But he fell in Germanie,  
Fighting brave for loyalty,  
Mournfu' dame, mournfu' dame ;  
Fighting brave for loyalty,  
Mournfu' dame.

He'll ne'er come o'er the sea ;  
Willie's slain, Willie's slain ;  
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea,  
Willie's gane !  
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea,  
To his love and ain countrie ;  
This warld's nae mair for me,  
Willie's gane, Willie's gane ;  
This warld's nae mair for me,  
Willie's gane !

"*MY LOVE'S IN GERMANY.*" The air is an old favourite in the Lowlands of Scotland. The ballad on the celebrated pirate, Paul Jones, beginning "You've all heard of Paul Jones, have you not? have you not?" was sung to the same air. The words, "My luv's in Germany, send him hame, send him hame," were written by Hector Macniell, Esq., a poet of very considerable talent. See *Museum Illustrations*, vol. iv. pp. 343, 344, and *Blackie's Book of Scottish Song*, p. 406. In September 1779, Paul Jones gave the people of Edinburgh, Leith, and other places, a dreadful fright, as the Editor, in his boyhood, has heard old persons mention. There is a Note about this remarkable man in the fifth volume of the seventh edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, p. 416, from which the following passage is extracted :—"In the month of September 1779, he appeared in the Frith of Forth with several prizes, and advanced up above the island of Inchkeith, so as to be nearly opposite to Leith. His design was supposed to have been to burn the shipping there; but he was prevented from attempting this by a strong westerly wind; and such measures were also taken for the defence of the harbour, by erecting batteries and otherwise, that he would probably have miscarried, had any attempt been made by him."

## GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{P} = 104$

MODERATO.

There's nought but care on ev' - ry han', In ev' - ry hour that pass - es, O ; What

sig - ni - fies the life o' man, An 'twere na for the lass - es, O. Green grow the rashes, O!

Green grow the rash - es, O! The sweet - est hours that e'er I spend, Are

spent a - mang the lass - es, O !

The warldly race may riches chase,  
An' riches still may fly them, O ;  
An' though at last they catch them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,  
My arms about my dearie, O ;  
An' warldly cares, an' warldly men,  
May a' gae tapsalteerie,\* O.

Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce, wha sneer at this,  
Ye're nougnt but senseless asses, O ;  
The wisest man the warld e'er saw,  
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O ;  
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

\* Tapsalteerie—topsy-turvy.

"GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!" "The air of this song is old; a bad set of it occurs in Oswald's first Collection, 1740; but he seems to have forgot that the tune had been used as a reel, as well as a song, in Scotland, time out of memory. . . . The tune appears to have been also known by the title of 'Cow thou me the rashes green,' quoted in the Complaynt of Scotland, in 1549." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 82, 83. The verses were written by Burns. In the MS. Lute-Book of Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, 1627-9, mentioned in the Note upon "Bonnie wee thing," p. 9 of this work, is found, "Green greus y' rasses, A daunce;" and, in the same MS. another air, almost identical, named, "I kist her while she blusht." Both of these the Editor translated into modern notation for David Laing, Esq., who published them in his "Additional Illustrations" to Johnson's Museum, vol. i. pp. 138, 139.

The assertion made above by Mr. Stenhouse, that this air was formerly known under the name of "Cow thou me the rashes green," we believe to be altogether unfounded. He seems to have jumped to the conclusion, that because "rashes" were mentioned in both names, therefore the airs must be identical. We can, however, prove the contrary; for we have found, in a MS. of the sixteenth century, now in the British Museum, the words, "Colle thou me the rysslys grene," set twice over to different music. Airs these cannot be called, for they are altogether destitute of melody; they appear rather to be single parts of a piece intended for several voices. We need scarcely add they bear not the slightest resemblance to our Scottish tune.

## O TRUE LOVE IS A BONNIE FLOWER.

AIR, "TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

**C** = 69  
 ANDANTE CON  
 ESPRESSIONE.

true love is a bon - nie flow'r, That buds in ma - ny a bo - som ; But pride's cauld blast will  
 nip its bloom, And wi - ther il - ka blossom. A - las! I've lost my luck - less heart, And  
 o' this life I'm wea - ry ; Wi' a' on earth I'd eith - ly part, But

*rall.* *a tempo.*  
*colla voce.*

*poco rall.*

When first I saw thy bonnie face,  
Love's pawkie glances won me;  
Now cauld neglect, and studied scorn,  
Have fatally undone me!  
Alas! I've lost, &c.

Were our fond vows but empty air,  
And made but to be broken?  
That ringlet of thy raven hair,  
Was't but a faithless token?  
Alas! I've lost, &c.

In vain I've tried each artfu' wile,  
That's practised by the lover,  
But nought, alas, when once it's lost,  
Affection can recover.

Then break, my poor deluded heart,  
That never can be cheerie;  
But while life's current there shall flow,  
Sae lang I'll lo'e my dearie!

"O TRUE LOVE IS A BONNIE FLOWER." Air, "Twine weel the plaiden." Speaking of the verses to this air in Johnson's Museum, beginning, "O! I have lost my silken snood," Mr. Stenhouse says, "I remember an old lady who sang these verses to a very plaintive and simple air, in slow treble time, a copy of which, but corrupted with embellishments, appears in Oswald's Collection, No. 12, under the title of 'The lassie lost her silken snood.' Napier, who first published the song, being unacquainted, perhaps, with the original melody, adapted the verses to the same air which is inserted in Johnson's Museum. This song, though undoubtedly of considerable antiquity, is neither to be found in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, nor in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 29.\* The excellent verses now given in this collection were written by Captain Charles Gray, R.M.—a well known veteran in poetry, as well as in warfare; and one of the ablest of modern Scottish poets. This gentleman has of late done much to rectify mistakes regarding the songs of Robert Burns, as well as the character of this extraordinary and unfortunate man. Captain Gray's verses were written at the request of a Fifeshire lady,† with whom this air was a favourite, but who did not choose to sing the old words given in the Collections of Johnson and others, as she considered them objectionable. We have been informed that this air was a great favourite with P. Urbani, who used frequently to sing it at his benefit concerts.

\* Napier's Selection of Scottish Songs, first volume, was published in 1790. The airs were harmonized by Dr. Samuel Arnold, William Shield, F. H. Barthelemon, and Thomas Carter. His second volume of Scottish Songs was published in 1792; the airs harmonized by Joseph Haydn alone. In the first volume, page 26, is "Twine weel the plaiden," harmonized by Barthelemon, who was a singular character, and a Swedenborgian.

† The publishers have to acknowledge the kindness of Captain Gray in permitting them to grace their work with these verses, which are now for the first time printed in connexion with the air to which they are so admirably suited.

## MY NANNIE, O.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 120$

ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIVO.

(*Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, Mang*)

*muires and moss - es ma - ny, O, The win - try sun the day has closed, And I'll a - wa' to*

*Nan - nie, O. The westlin wind blows lond and shrill, The night's baith mirk and*

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :  
 May ill hefa' the flattering tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O !  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;  
 The opening gowan wat wi' dew  
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O .

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few there be that ken me, O :  
 But what care I how few they be ?  
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O .  
 My riehes a's my penny fee,  
 And I mann guide it cannie, O :  
 But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O .

Our auld gudeman delights to view  
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O ;  
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,  
 And has nae care but Nannie, O .  
 Come weel, come wae, I earena ly,  
 I'll tak' what heaven will send me, O ;  
 Nae ither care in life hae I,  
 But live and love my Nannie, O .

"*My Nannie, O.*" Mr. Stenhouse characterizes the melody as a "fine old air," which it certainly is. It is one of the best of our Scottish melodies. The air, with other words, was published in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. The verses here given were written by Burns in his earlier days, and were composed in honour of a servant-girl, Agnes Fleming, at Caleothill, near Lochlea.\* Burns composed them expressly for the air of "*My Nannie, O.*"; though in song No. 581 of Johnson's *Museum*, they are adapted to a different and very inferior melody. The Lugar, alluded to in the song, is a river in Ayrshire, which takes its rise in the Cumnock lakes, and discharges itself into the river Ayr, at Barskimming. See *Museum Illustrations*, vol. i. p. 91; and *Burns' Works*, by Allan Cunningham, vol. iv. p. 10.

\* This word is generally spelled *Lochlie* in the district, and is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable.

## O WHISTLE, AN' I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

**ALLEGRETTO** **SPIRITO SO.**

*p* *mf* *8va* *loco.*

The musical score consists of six staves of music for voice and piano. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a dynamic of *p*. The piano accompaniment begins with a dynamic of *mf*. The vocal line features eighth-note patterns and includes lyrics such as "O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad; O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad; Tho' fa - ther, an' mo - ther, an' a' should gae mad, O whis - tle, an' I'll come to you, my lad." The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The tempo is marked as **ALLEGRETTO** and **SPIRITO SO.** The vocal line includes a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and sustained notes. The piano part features harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The tempo is marked as **ALLEGRETTO** and **SPIRITO SO.**

O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad; O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad; Tho'  
fa - ther, an' mo - ther, an' a' should gae mad, O whis - tle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.

But wa - ri - ly tent when ye come to court me, And come na un - less the back-yett be a - jee; Syn

up the back-stile, and let nae bo - dy see, And come as ye were na com - in' to me, And

come as ye were na com - in' to me.

O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad ;  
 Tho' father, an' mother, an' a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.  
 At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flic ;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad ;  
 Tho' father, an' mother, an' a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.  
 Ay vow an' protest that ye care na for me,  
 And whiles ye may lightlie my beauty a wee ;  
 But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

"O WHISTLE, AN' I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD." Mr. Stenhouse says, "This air has generally been considered of Irish origin, because it was adapted to a song written by John O'Keefe, Esq., in his comic opera of 'The Poor Soldier,' which was first acted at Covent Garden, in 1783. The song begins, *Since love is the plan, I'll love if I can.* But the tune was composed by the late John Bruce, an excellent fiddle-player in Dumfries, upwards of thirty years before that period." . . . "This air was a great favourite of Burns. In 1787, he wrote the two stanzas in the Museum, and in August 1793, he added two more." The latter were added to the two former stanzas, for Mr. George Thomson's Collection. See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 109, 110; and Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, p. 334.

## BUSK YE, BUSK YE.

AIR, "THE BRAES O' YARROW."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

*P = 60*

ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIVO.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-nie, bon-nie bride,

pp

Busk ye, busk ye, my win-some marrow. Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-nie, bon-nie bride, And

let us to the bracs o' Yarrow. Where gat ye that bon-nie, bon-nie bride?

Where gat ye that win-some mar-row? I gat her where I daur-na weel be seen,  
Pu'ing the birks on the braes o' Yar-row.  
8  
Melody for the first line of the third verse.  
Lang maun she weep, lang, lang mann she weep.

Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,  
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;  
Nor let thy heart lament to leave

Pu'ing the birks on the braes o' Yarrow.  
Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?  
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?  
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen,

Pu'ing the birks on the braes o' Yarrow?

Lang maun she weep, lang, lang maun she weep,  
Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow,  
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen,  
Pu'ing the birks on the braes o' Yarrow;

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,  
Her lover dear, the cause o' sorrow;  
And I hae slain the comeliest swain,  
That e'er pu'ed birks on the braes o' Yarrow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love!  
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter;  
Though he was fair, and well beloved again,  
Than me he did not love thee better.  
Busk ye then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks o' the Tweed,  
And think nae mair o' the braes o' Yarrow.

"*Busk ye, busk ye.*" The melody was formerly called "The braes o' Yarrow." In a MS. book of tunes in tablature for the Lyra-viol, which belonged to the celebrated Dr. John Leyden, there is a tune called "The lady's goune," which seems to be an old and simple set of "The braes o' Yarrow." That MS. was sent to the editor of the present work, in 1844, with permission to translate and transcribe it. The transcript he made of it is intended for the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh. In the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725-33, there is a set of "*Busk ye*," which does not exhibit the wrong accentuation found in more modern versions, where the accent is painfully thrown upon the word "ye" in the first line. In the present edition that set has been restored, and the air now agrees in accent with the words. The verses here given are from a beautiful ballad written by William Hamilton of Bangour, who died in 1754, aged fifty. The ballad consists of thirty stanzas, and was first printed in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. Eight of these stanzas have been selected on this occasion. These contain the essential parts of the story. The whole of the ballad will be given in an Appendix to this work. The first three lines belong to an ancient ballad, now lost.

## LEWIE GORDON.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

*C* = 80  
ANDANTE.

O send Lew - ie Gor - don hame,  
And the lad I daur - na name, Though his back be at the wa',  
Here's to him that's far a - wa'. O - hon ! my High - land - man !  
Oh ! my bon - nie High - land - man ! Weel wad I my true love ken, A -

mang ten thou - sand High-land - men.

Oh ! to see his tartan trews,  
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
Philabeg aboon his knee,  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.

Ohon ! my Highlandman, &c.

Princely youth of whom I sing,  
Thou wert born to be a king ;  
On thy breast a regal star  
Shines on loyal hearts afar !

Ohon ! my Highlandman, &c.

Oh ! to see this wished-for one  
Seated on a kingly throne !  
All our griefs would disappear ;  
We should hail a joyful year !

Ohon ! my Highlandman, &c.

"LEWIE GORDON." This air is borrowed from the old tune of "Tarry woo," printed in McGibbon's first Collection, and reprinted in Johnson's Museum, No. 45; but we find no trace of the author of either tune. The words were written by the Rev. Alexander Geddes, D.D. The person alluded to as "the lad I daurna name," was the "Chevalier." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 90. Lewis Gordon, the hero of the song, was the third son of Alexander, second Duke of Gordon, and brother of Cosmo George, who succeeded to the title in 1728. He entered the Royal Navy, and became a lieutenant on board of a ship of war; but, on the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745, he followed the example his father had set him in 1715, by declaring for the Stuart family. He raised a regiment of two battalions; defeated the Royalists under the Laird of Macleod at Inverury, (23d December 1745,) and then marched to Perth. After the battle of Culloden, he escaped abroad; was attainted in 1746, and died, unmarried, at Montreuil in France, on the 15th June 1754. See Douglas's Peerage. In a work recently published, there are some curious facts relative to Prince Charles Edward Stuart's capture of Carlisle, and his retreat from it. Among other things it is mentioned, that the Prince entered Carlisle seated on a white charger, and preceded by *one hundred* pipers. On the retreat, "The Highlanders crossed the Esk at Longtown, an hundred men a-breast; the river was swollen, and took them nearly breast high. There were at once two thousand of them in the river, and nothing of them was to be seen but their heads and shoulders. Holding one another by the neck of the coat, they stemmed the force of the stream, and lost not a man in the passage. The moment they reached the opposite side, the pipes struck up, and they danced reels till they were dry again." See "Authentic Account of the occupation of Carlisle in 1745, by Prince Charles Edward Stuart." Edited by George Gill Mounsey. Longman and Co. It appears from this, that in those turbulent times, the Scottish bag-pipers *played* a part of some importance. An assemblage of a hundred Highland bag-pipers would be a surprising phenomenon now-a-days; even at the Edinburgh Competition of Pipers, where prizes are awarded to the most skilful.

After the fatal field of Culloden, the Prince's position became desperate. His hidings in the Highlands—where no one would betray him even for the large rewards offered for his apprehension—and his final escape to France, are matters familiar to most readers of history. John Hill Burton, Esq., Advocate, in his recently published "Lives of Simon Lord Lovat, and Duncan Forbes of Culloden;" London, Chapman & Hall, gives, (p. 247) from a MS. of the late Mrs. Grant of Laggan, an interesting passage of the interview between the Prince and Lord Lovat, at the house of Gortuleg, near the fall of Foyers, just after the battle of Culloden. "The Prince and a few of his followers came to the house; Lovat expressed attachment to him, but at the same time reproached him with great asperity for declaring his intention to abandon the enterprise entirely. 'Remember,' said he, fiercely, 'your great ancestor, Robert Bruce, who lost eleven battles, and won Scotland by the twelfth.'"

As the third and fourth stanzas of the original song are not only unsuited to the air, but are little better than street-ballad doggrel, we have taken the liberty to alter them in this work.

## THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

AIR, "WHEN SHE CAM' BEN, SHE BOBBED."

ARRANGED BY H. E. DIBBIN.

$\text{F}^{\#}$  = 66  
 MODERATO  
 CON SPIRITO.

The laird o' Cock - pen, he's  
 proud and he's great; His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state; He  
 want-ed a wife his braw house to keep; But fa - vor wi' woo - in' was

fash - ous to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;  
M'Cleish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,  
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, an' as gude as new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
He put on a ring, a sword, an' cock'd hat,  
An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, an' rade cannilie,  
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;  
"Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben,  
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;  
"An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"  
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk goun,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' doun.

An' when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;  
An' what was his errand, he soon let her know.  
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na!  
An' wi' a laigh curtsie, she turn'd awa'.

Dumfounder'd was he, but nae sigh did he gi'e;  
He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie;  
An' often he thought, as he gaed through the glen,  
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

"THE LAIRD o' COCKPEN." Mr. Stenhouse says, "The musical reader will scarcely require to be informed that this spirited air, [“When she cam’ ben, she bobbed,”] of one simple strain, is among the oldest of our Scottish melodies. It is preserved in the first book of Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion, with some of his own variations upon the air. It also appears in Mrs. Crockett’s Manuscript Book of Tunes, dated 1709." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. pp. 326, 327. In Oswald’s First Collection, dedicated to Frederick Prince of Wales, (p. 43,) we find "When she came ben, she bobbed," in three-fourth time, and differing in some other respects from the set No. 353 of Museum. In Dr. John Leyden’s MS. Lyra-Viol Book—referred to *ante*, p. 25—there is a tune, No. 77, entitled, "When she came ben," in a *major* key, and yet evidently the prototype of the two sets last mentioned, in *minor* keys. In most sets of the melody, the sharp seventh is given in the fourth measure. This, we think, is erroneous, and have therefore made the seventh natural in the present work; especially as we find our alteration supported by a set of the air published in James Oswald’s “Curious Collection of Scots Tunes, &c.,” 1740, dedicated to the Duke of Perth.

The clever and humourous stanzas given to the air, "When she came ben," in this work, are modern. They have been ascribed to Miss Ferrier, and to the late Sir Alexander Boswell; but we have no positive evidence of the authorship in either case. Two additional stanzas have lately appeared by another hand: as they are occasionally sung, we subjoin them:—

An' now that the Laird his exit had made,  
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;  
"Oh! for aye I'll get better, its waur I'll get ten—  
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!"

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,  
They were gaun arm an' arm to the kirk on the green;  
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen;  
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

## TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

 $\text{P} = 63$ ANDANTE  
PARLANTE.

In win - ter, when the rain rain'd cauld, An' frost and snaw on ilk - a hill, An'



Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was threat'nig a' our kye to kill, Then Bell, my wife, wha



lo'es nae strife, She said to me, right has - ti - ly, Get up, gudeman, save



Crummie's life, An' tak your auld cloak a - bout ye.  
8vi

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,  
An' she is come o' a gude kin':  
Aft has she wet the bairns's mou',  
An' I am laith that she should tyne;  
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,  
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;  
Sloth never made a gracious end,  
Gae, tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,  
When it was fitting for my wear;  
But now it's scantly worth a groat,  
For I hae worn't this threty year.  
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,  
We little ken the day we'll die;  
Then I'll be proud, sin' I hae sworn  
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when gude king Robert rang,  
His trews they cost but half-a-croun';  
He said they were a groat o'er dear,  
An' ca'd the tailor thief and loon:  
He was the king that wore the croun',  
An' thou'rt a man of laigh degree;  
It's pride puts a' the country doun';  
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,<sup>1</sup>  
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool :  
I think the warld is a' gane wrang,  
When ilka wife her man wad rule:  
Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
How they are girded gallantlie,  
While I sit hurklin i' the asse ?  
I'll hae a new cloak about me !

Gudeman, I wat its threty year  
Sin' we did ane anither ken;  
An' we hae had atween us twa  
Of lads an' bonnie lasses ten :  
Now they are women grown an' men,  
I wish an' pray weel may they be;  
An' if you'd prove a gude husband,  
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,  
But she would guide me, if she can ;  
An' to maintain an easy life,  
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman :  
Nocht's to be won at woman's han',  
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea ;  
Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
An' tak my auld cloak about me.

<sup>1</sup> Law, custom, privilege.—*Jamieson.*

<sup>2</sup> Ashes—by the fire.

"TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE." Mr. Ritson says in a Note, p. 219, vol. i. of his "Scotish Songs;" "Dr. Percy, though he supposes this to be originally a Scotch ballad, has given an ancient copy of it, from his folio MS. in the English idiom, with an additional stanza (the second) never before printed. See the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, &c., vol. i. p. 190." A stanza of the song, slightly altered, is sung by Iago in Othello, Act II. Scene 3, "King Stephen was a worthy peer," &c. The tune is ancient and excellent.

Second English stanza, above referred to:—

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne ?  
Thou kenst my cloak is very thin :  
It is so bare and overworne,  
A crickle he thereon cannot remm :  
Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,  
For once Ile new appareld hee,  
To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,  
For Ile have a new cloake about me.

## O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

AIR, "MORAG."

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

$\text{P} = 100$

ADAGIO.

O

8

16

24

32

If thou shalt meet a lassie  
In grace and beauty charming,  
That e'en thy chosen lassie,  
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,  
Had ne'er sie powers alarming.  
O that's the lassie o' my heart, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,  
An' thy attentions plighted,  
That ilka body talking  
But her by thee is slighted,  
An' thou art all delighted.  
O that's the lassie o' my heart, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one;  
When frae her thou hast parted,  
If every other fair one,  
Bnt her, thou hast deserted,  
An' thou art broken-hearted;  
O that's the lassie o' my heart, &c.

"O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME." This song was written by Burns for the Gaelic air called "Morag," which is the Highland name for Marion. Burns was so fond of the air, tlat, in 1787, he wrote two other songs for it. One beginning "Loud blow the frosty breezes," and the other, "Streams that glide in orient plains." The latter is less of a *song* than of stanzas in praise of Castle-Gordon, and in vituperation of Oriental despotism. "In Fraser's Gaelic airs, lately published, is another set of 'Morag,' in whieh the sharp seventh is twice introduced, in place of the perfect fifth, along with a variety of notes, graees, and a *ritardando*, not to be found in any of the older sets of this air, and which indeed are equally superfluous, as well as foreign to the genuine spirit of ancient Gaelic melodies." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 134-136. We may remark that in Fraser's set of "Morag," No. 119, p. 57, the members of the air do not oeour in the same order as in Johnson's set. They are transposed. Also, that the sharp seventh occurs twice in the notes of *embellishment*, as well as twice in the principal notes of the air. Allan Cunningham, in his edition of Burns' works, makes the following remarks upon the song "O wha is she that lo'es me," and its air "Morag." "Of the air of 'Morag' Burns was passionately fond; yet it eannot be said that he was more than commonly sucessful in wedding it to words. The measure which the tune requires is eramp and difficult, and the sentiment is interrupted before it has well begun to flow. This song was found among the papers of Burns; the exaet period of its composition is not known, nor has the heroine been named."

## IT WAS UPON A LAMMAS NIGHT.

AIR, "CORN RIGS."

ARRANGED BY A. LAWRIE.

**P = 112**  
**ALLEGRETTO.**

The musical score consists of eight staves of music for voice and piano. The key signature changes from C major (two sharps) to F major (one sharp) and back to C major. The tempo is Allegretto at 112 BPM. The vocal line includes lyrics such as 'It was up - on a Lam - mas night, When corn rigs are bon - nie, O, Be -', 'neath the moon's nn - cloud - ed light, I held a - wa' to An - nie, O: The time flew by wi -', and 'tent - less heed, Till 'tween the late and ear - ly, O, Wi' sma' per - sua - sion she a - greed To'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and rhythmic patterns.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
 The moon was shining clearly, O :  
 I set her down wi' right good will,  
     Amang the rigs o' barley, O :  
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;  
     I loved her most sincerely, O ;  
 I kiss'd her ower and ower again,  
     Amang the rigs o' barley, O.  
     Corn rigs, &c.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace !  
     Her heart was beating rarely, O :  
 My blessings on that happy place,  
     Amang the rigs o' barley, O !

Bat by the moon and stars so bright,  
     That shone that hour so clearly, O !  
 She eye shall bless that happy night,  
     Amang the rigs o' barley, O !  
     Corn rigs, &c.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear ;  
     I hae been merry drinkin', O ;  
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear ;  
     I hae been happy thinkin', O :  
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
     Tho' three times doubled fairly, O ,  
 That happy night was worth them a',  
     Amang the rigs o' barley, O .  
     Corn rigs, &c.

"CORN RIGS." The above verses were written by Burns, in his earlier years, to the old tune of "Corn Rigs." It is said that Annie Ronald, afterwards Mrs. Paterson of Aikenbrae, was the inspirer of the song. See Allan Cunningham's Works of Robert Burns, p. 341. In Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," the song, "My Patie is a lover gay," is to the tune of "Corn Rigs." "There was a much older Scottish song, however, than that of Ramsay, adapted to this tune, of which the following lines are the chorus :—

'O corn rigs, and rye rigs,  
 And corn rigs are bonnie,' &c.

The tune appears in Craig's Collection, in 1730. Craig was a very old man when he published his Collection, for he was one of the principal violin-players at the Edinburgh concerts in 1695. Mr. Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in the musical opera of 'Polly,' beginning 'Should I not be bold when honour calls,' printed, but not acted, in 1729." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 96.

## G A L A W A T E R.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 88$

ADAGIO,  
CON ANIMA.

Braw, braw lads on Yar - row braes, Ye  
wan - der through the bloom - ing hea - ther; But Yar - row braes, nor  
Et - trick shaws, Can match the lads o' Ga - la wa - ter.

But there is aue, a seeret ane,  
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;  
An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine,  
The bonnie lad o' Gala water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
An' tho' I hae nae meikle tocher;  
Yet, rieh in kindest, truest love,  
We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
That eft<sup>1</sup> contentment, peacee, or pleasure;  
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

<sup>1</sup> Bought.

"GALA WATER." One of the most beautiful of our old Scottish melodies. It is somewhat singular, however, that it is not to be found in any of our earlier collections. Neil Stewart gives it under the name of "Coming thro' the broom," in his "Thirty Scots songs for a voice and harpsichord," a work probably published between 1780, 1790; the copy we have seen bears a manuscript date of 1783. Mr. Stenhouse says, "This tune was greatly admired by the celebrated Dr. Haydn, who harmonized it for Mr. William Whyte's Collection of Scottish Songs. On the MS. of the music, which I have seen, the Doctor expressed his opinion of the melody, in the best English he was master of, in the following short but emphatic sentence:—'This one Dr. Haydn favourite song.'" In January 1793, Burns wrote the verses here published to this air. The Gala river rises in Mid-Lothian, and after uniting with the Heriot, runs south, and falls into the Tweed about four miles above Melrose, and a short distance below Abbotsford. See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii, pp. 120-122. The last detached measure, to the words "Braw, braw lads," does not belong to the original melody, but is inserted because the air is generally so sung at the present day. The singer may adopt or rejeet that additional measure.

The following is a portion of what Mr. Robert Chambers gives as *probably* the original song of "Gala Water:"

" Out owre yon moss, out owre yon muir,	" Lords and lairds cam here to woo,
Out owre yon bonnie bush o' heather,	An' gentlemen wi' sword an' dagger,
O a' ye lads whae'er ye be,	But the black-ee'd lass o' Galashiels
Show me the way to Gala water.	Wad hae name but the gree o' Gala water.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

" Adieu, sour plooms o' Galashiels,  
Fareweel, my father an' my mother;  
For I'll awa' wi' the black herd lad,  
Wha keeps his floeks on Gala water.  
Braw, braw lads o' Gala water,  
Bonnie lads o' Gala water,  
Let them a' say what they will,  
The gree gaes ay to Gala water."

## TULLOCHGORUM.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

*P = 104*

*NON TROPPO PRESTO,*  
*MA SPIRITO SO.*

Come  
gie's a sang, Montgomery\* cried, And lay your disputes a' a-side, What sig - ni - fies't for folks to chide, For  
what was done be - fore them. Let Whig and To - ry a' a-gree, Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry,  
Whig and To - ry a' a-gree, To drop their Whigmigmorum ; Let Whig and To - ry a' a-gree To

\* This is generally sung, "Come, gie's a sang, the lady cried."

spend the night in mirth and glee, And cheer - fu' sing a - lang wi' me, The reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.

Rall. a piacere.

dim.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,  
It gars us a' in aine unite,  
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,  
In conscience, I abhor him;  
For blythe and merry we'll be a',  
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,  
Blythe and merry we'll be a',  
And make a happy quorum.  
For blythe and merry we'll be a',  
As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
And dance till we be like to fa',  
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise,  
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,  
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys  
For half a hunder score o' them.  
They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,  
Dowf and dowie at the best,  
Wi' a' their variorum.  
They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
Their *allegros*, and a' the rest,  
They canna please a Highland taste,  
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.  
Let warldly worms their minds oppress  
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,  
And sullen sots themselves distress  
Wi' keeping up decorum.  
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit?  
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,

Sour and sulky shall we sit,  
Like auld Philosoporum?  
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
Nor ever rise to shake a fit  
To the reel o' Tullochgorum?  
May choicest blessings aye attend  
Each honest open-hearted friend,  
And calm and quiet be his end,  
And a' that's gude watch o'er him.  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
Peace and plenty be his lot,  
And dainties a great store o' them.  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Unstain'd by any vicious spot,  
And may he never want a groat,  
That's fond o' Tullochgorum!  
But for the silly fawning fool,  
Who loves to be oppression's tool,  
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
And discontent devour him!  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,  
Dool and sorrow be his chance,  
And name say, Wae's me, for him.  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
And a' the ills that come frae France,  
Whae'er he be that winna dance  
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

"TULLOCHGORUM." The composer of the tune, a reel, is not known. Mr. Stenhouse says it is derived from an old Scottish song-tune, printed in Craig's Collection in 1730. The words were written by the Rev. John Skinner, pastor of the Episcopal Chapel at Langside, near Peterhead, Aberdeenshire. They were first printed in the Scots Weekly Magazine for April 1776, and were enthusiastically termed by Burns, the "first of songs!" The copy here given is that with the reverend author's last corrections, as printed in Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 283, 284. Mr. Skinner died in 1807, aged 86. See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 281-284. We have heard Tullochgorum sung with much spirit, many years ago, by the late eminent printer, Mr. James Ballantyne. Every good musician will at once perceive the difficulty of applying anything like regular modern harmony to such a tune.

## LORD GREGORY.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 72$

LARGHETTO  
CON  
TENEREZZA.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with dynamic 'mf'. The second system begins with the lyrics 'O mirk, mirk is this mid-night hour, An' loud the tempest's roar;'. The third system continues with 'A wae-fu' wan-d'rer seeks thy tow'r, Lord Gro-gory,'. The fourth system concludes with 'ope thy door! An ex-ile frae her fa-ther's ha', An'.' The piano accompaniment features bass and treble staves with various chords and rests.

\* This note is B in other editions: it has been altered, as C is more characteristic of Scottish melody.—T. M. M.

a' for lov - ing thee; At least some pi - ty on me  
shaw, If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove  
By bonnie Irwin-side,  
Where first I own'd that virgin-love  
I lang, lang had denied ?  
How often didst thou pledge and vow  
Thou wad for aye be mine ;  
An' my fond heart, itsel' sae true,  
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
An' flinty is thy breast—  
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,  
O wilt thou give me rest !  
Ye mustering thunders from above,  
Your willing victim see !  
But spare an' pardon my fause love,  
His wrangs to heaven an' me !

"LORD GREGORY." "This is a very ancient Gallowegian melody." The air is No. 5 of Museum, and is the first in P. Urbam's Collection; but does not appear in any older collections. It is defective in rhythmical structure, four measures alternating with three, in both strains. In the present edition, this defect is supplied by additional measures in the pianoforte arrangement, while the air is left intact.

Burns remarks, "It is somewhat singular, that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries-shires, there is scarcely an old song or tune, which, from the title, &c., can be guessed to belong to, or to be the production of these counties. This, I conjecture, is one of these very few, as the ballad, which is a long one, is called, both by tradition and in printed collections, '*The Lass o' Lochroyan*', which I take to be Lochroyan, in Galloway." *Reliques*, p. 196. The words adopted in this collection, were written by Burns in 1793 for Mr. George Thomson's work. The song is founded upon the ballad above mentioned, "*The Lass o' Lochroyan*," which was first published in a perfect state by Sir Walter Scott in his *Minstrelsy of the Border*, vol. ii p. 411. We subjoin a fragment of the original.—

" O open the door, Lord Gregory,  
O open, an' let me in ;  
For the wind blows thro' my yellow hair,  
An' the rain draps o'er my chin."  
" Awa, awa, ye ill woman !  
Ye're no come here for good ;  
Ye're but some witch or wil-warlock,  
Or mermaid o' the flood."

" O dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,  
As we sat at the wine,  
We changed the rings frae our fingers,  
An' I can shew thee thine ?  
O your's was gude, an' gude enough,  
But ay the best was mine ;  
For your's was o' the gude red gowd,  
But mine o' the diamond fine."

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

## O THOU BROOM! THOU BONNIE BUSH O' BROOM!

AIR, "THE BROOM O' THE COWDENKNOWES."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{P} = 63$

ANDANTE.

O thou broom, thou bon - nie bsh o' broom! I leave my land and thee, Where  
 thou and free - dom flourish'd ay, Where Seo - tia's sons are free! The  
 In - dian vales are rich and fair, And bright is their flow' - ry bloom; But

The musical score consists of two staves of music in G major, common time. The top staff features a soprano vocal line with lyrics: "sad their flowers, and myr - tie bow - ers, With - out my na - tive broom!" The bottom staff features a piano accompaniment with bass and treble clefs. The lyrics "O thou broom, thou bon - nie, bon - nie broom!" appear below the piano part.

When wilt thou, thou bonnie bush o' broom,

Grow on a foreign strand ?

That I may think, when I look on thee,

I'm still in loved Scotland !

But ah ! that thought can never more be mine

Though thou beside me sprang.

Nor though the lintie, Scotia's bird,

Should follow wi' its sang.

Thy branches green might wave at e'en,

At morn thy flowers might blaw ;

But no to me, on the Cowdenknowes,

Nor yet by Ettrick-shaw.

O thou broom, thou bonnie bush o' broom !

Sae sweet to memory ;

I maist could weep for days gane by

When I think on days to be.

Scotland may ca' forth a sigh,

And thou, sweet broom, a tear,

But I'll no tak' thee frae the braes

To which thou'st lang been dear.

"THE BROOM o' THE COWDENKNOWES." "This is a very ancient and beautiful little air of one strain. The song, to which the tune was originally united, with the exception of the chorus, is supposed to be lost. This is, in all probability, one of the Scottish tunes that were introduced into England, not long after the union of the Crowns, in 1603; for there is an ancient black-letter English ballad, 'To a pleasant Scotch tune, called the Broom of Cowdenknows.' The estate of Cowdenknows is situated on the east bank of the river Leader, about five miles north-east of Melrose." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 73, 74. The beautiful verses here given are by Mr. Robert Gilfillan. They have been revised for this work by the Author, and are now for the first time published in connexion with the air.

With regard to the melody given in this work, it is necessary to remark that Mr. Stenhouse takes no notice of one important variance in different printed editions of this very beautiful Scottish melody. In some older editions of the air, we find it begins on the second note of the scale, or *supertonic*, as it is technically and very *indistinctly* called in our confused and erroneous musical nomenclature. Thus in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, in *McGibbon's Collections*, in *Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion*, and in *Francis Peacock's Collection of "Fifty favourite Scotch Airs,"* we find the air in question commencing on the second note of the scale ascending; and not on the tonic, or key-note, as occurs in other printed works, such as *Watts' Musical Miscellany*, and later publications. There is no doubt that the commencement on the second of the scale brings out a more pathetic expression, and a passage more characteristic of some peculiarities in Scottish national melodies. Therefore that commencement has been adopted in this work; while the more usual commencement has not been rejected, but is given at the ninth measure, where a second and more modern version of the air begins. The last two measures are an addition, sometimes introduced to make the air end on the tonic, or key-note.

## BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AND MERRY ARE WE.

AIR, "ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

*f*

Blythe, blythe, and mer - ry are we,  
Blythe are we, ane and a'; Can - ty days we've af - ten seen, A nicht like this we  
ne - ver saw! The gloamin' saw us a' sit down, And mei - kle mirth has  
been our fa'; Then let the toast and sang gae round Till chan - ti - clear be - gins to craw!

The succeeding verses begin at the sign :S:

The auld kirk bell has chappit twal—  
Wha cares though she had chappit twa !  
We're licht o' heart and winna part,  
Though time and tide may rin awa !  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Hearts that care can never ding;<sup>3</sup>  
Then let Time pass—we'll steal his glass,  
And pu' a feather frae his wing !

Now is the witchin' time o' nicht,  
When ghaists, they say, are to be seen ;  
And fays dance to the glow-worm's licht  
Wi' fairies in their gowns o' green.  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Ghaists may tak' their midnight stroll ;  
Witches ride on brooms astride,  
While we sit by the witchin' bowl !

Tut ! never speir<sup>4</sup> how wears the morn—  
The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky,  
And, gif like her we fill our horn,  
I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry !  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Blythe the out-owre the barley bree ;  
And let me tell, the moon hersel'  
Aft dips her toom<sup>5</sup> horn i' the sea !

Then fill us up a social cup,  
And never mind the dapple dawn ;  
Just sit awhile, the sun may smile,  
And syne<sup>6</sup> we'll see the gait<sup>7</sup> we're gaun !  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we ;—  
See ! the sun is keckin'<sup>8</sup> ben ;  
Gi'e Time his glass—for months may pass  
Ere sic a nicht we see again !

<sup>1</sup> Choice.

<sup>2</sup> A measure containing a Scottish pint, that is, two English quarts.

<sup>3</sup> Crush, depress.

<sup>4</sup> Ask, inquire.

<sup>5</sup> Empty.

<sup>6</sup> Then.

<sup>7</sup> Road, way.

<sup>8</sup> Peeping.

"BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AND MERRY ARE WE." The air is supposed to be old, and sounds very like a bag-pipe tune. It is now impossible to trace the authorship of our older Scottish airs; but the editor is disposed to believe that some of them may have been composed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The song is by Captain Charles Gray, R.M. Two stanzas of it were written for the first anniversary of the Musomanik Society of Anstruther, 1814. It appeared in the third volume of the "Harp of Caledonia," Glasgow, 1819, and subsequently in Mr. G. Thomson's "Melodies of Scotland," adapted to a Jacobite air. Its merit having obtained for it a place in these and many other collections, no apology is necessary for uniting it here to the lively melody in the very spirit of which it is conceived and written. Captain Gray's "jolly song," (as Mrs. Joanna Baillie called it,)—differing in some slight degree from that printed in his "Lays and Lyrics"—having received his final corrections, is here published by his express permission.

## MY BOY, TAMMY.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{P} = 63$

MODERATO.

Whar' hae ye been a' day, My boy, Tam-my? An'

whar' hae ye been a' day, My boy, Tam-my? I've

been by burn and flow'-ry brae, Meadow green, and mountain grey, Courtiu' o' this young thing,

Just come frae her mam - my.

An' whar' gat ye that young thing,  
My boy, Tammy?  
I gat her down in yonder howe,  
Smiling on a broomy knowe,  
Hherding ae wee lamb an' ewe,  
For her puir mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,  
My boy, Tammy?  
I praised her een, sae lovely blue,  
Her dimpled cheek an' cherry mou';—  
An' pree'd it aft, as ye may trow!—  
She said, she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beatin' heart,  
My young, my smilin' lammie!  
I ha'e a house, it cost me dear,  
I've walth o' plenishin' an' gear;  
Ye'se get it a', we're ten times mair,  
Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—  
I maunna leave my mammy.  
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,  
She's been my comfort a' my days :—  
My father's death brought monie waes!—  
I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak' her hame, an' mak' her fain,  
My ain kind-hearted lammie.  
We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claes,  
We'll be her comfort a' her days.  
The wee thing gi'es her hand, an' says—  
There! gang an' ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,  
My boy, Tammy?  
She has been to the kirk wi' me,  
An' the tear was in her e'e;  
For O! she's but a young thing,  
Just come frae her mammy.

"*MY BOY, TAMMY.*" "This fine ballad, beginning, 'Whar' hae ye been a' day, my boy, Tammy?' was written by Hector Macneill, Esq. It first appeared in a Magazine, printed at Edinburgh in 1791, entitled 'The Bee,' which was conducted by his friend Dr. James Anderson. The melody to which the words are adapted is very ancient, and uncommonly pretty." See *Museum Illustrations*, vol. vi. p. 440. Mr. Stenhouse here says, that the melody is "very ancient." If so, the Editor may remark, that there is no evidence of its antiquity in its present form. It is rather surprising that Mr. Stenhouse, who bestowed so many years on the subject of Scottish melodies, should not have perceived that the air of "*My boy, Tammy*," is a modern transformation of the tune called "*Muirland Willie*," to which last, Mr. Stenhouse refers in a Note on No. 369 of *Museum*, as appearing in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725, and in Mrs. Crockett's MS. Collection, written in 1709, and in his possession. If any good musician will examine the melodic structure of "*Muirland Willie*," and compare it with that of "*My boy, Tammy*," he will be convinced that the latter is derived from the former, by a process of transformation not uncommon in popular melodies; *i. e.* by changing the time, and altering some of the notes, &c. There is besides an air in two-fourth time, (No. 501 of *Museum*,) which seems clearly to have been a dance-tune, also owing its origin to "*Muirland Willie*," at least in the first strain. In the second bar of Johnson's set of "*Muirland Willie*," the sixth of the scale is *minor* in ascending. The sixth of the scale is also *minor* throughout Napier's set of "*My boy, Tammy*," published in 1792, arranged by Haydn. It must be observed that the sets of "*Muirland Willie*" given by Craig, M'Gibbon, and Johnson, are not the same, note for note; but the principal melodic features are identical. Hector Macneill, being a singer as well as a poet, was no doubt well acquainted with "*Muirland Willie*," and possibly also with the air to which Burns wrote "*My Peggy's face*," in both of which he would find leading hints for the air to his excellent words. Although the present air does not appear in any collection until after Macneill's verses were written, something like it may have been sung to a silly old song, of which the following lines are a specimen:—

"Is she fit to soop the house, my boy, Tammy?  
She's just as fit to soop the house, as the cat to catch a mouse,  
And yet she's but a young thing, new come frae her mammy."

## THERE CAM' A YOUNG MAN TO MY DADDIE'S DOOR.

AIR, "THE BRISK YOUNG LAD."

ARRANGED BY A. LAWRIE.

$\text{P} = 80$

ALLEGRETTO  
VIVACE.

There cam' a young man to my dad - die's door, My dad - die's door, my

dad - die's door; There cam' a young man to my dad - die's door, Cam'

seek-ing me to woo. And wow! but he was a bon - nie young lad, A

brisk young lad, an' a braw young lad; An' wow! but he was a  
 bon-nie young lad, Cam' seek-ing me to woo.

But I was bakin' when he cam',  
 When he cam', when he cam';  
 I took him in and gied him a scone,<sup>1</sup>  
 To thowc his frozen mou'.  
 And wow! but he was, &c.

I set him in aside the bink;<sup>2</sup>  
 I gied him bread and ale to drink;  
 But ne'er a blythe styme<sup>3</sup> wad he blink  
 Till he was warm an' fu'.  
 And wow! but he was, &c.

Gae, get you gone, you cauldrife woore;  
 Ye sour-looking, cauldrife woore!  
 I straightway show'd him to the door,  
 Saying, Come nae mair to woo.  
 And wow! but he was, &c.

There lay a deuk-dub before the door,  
 Before the door, before the door;  
 There lay a deuk-dub before the door,  
 An' there fell he, I trow!  
 And wow! but he was, &c.

Out cam' the gudeman, an' heigh he shouted;  
 Out cam' the gudewife, an' laigh she louted;  
 An' a' the toun-neehours were gather'd about it;  
 An' there lay he, I trow!  
 And wow! but he was, &c.

Then out cam' I, an' sneer'd an' smiled.  
 Ye cam' to woo, but ye're a' beguiled;  
 Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, an' ye're a' befyled;  
 We'll ha'e nae mair o' you!  
 And wow! but he was, &c.

<sup>1</sup> A thin cake of wheat or barley meal.

<sup>2</sup> Bench; long seat beside the fire in a country house; seat of honour.

"Want o' wyse men maks fules to sit on binks."—JAMIESON.

<sup>3</sup> A particle; a whit; a transitory glance.

"THERE CAM' A YOUNG MAN TO MY DADDIE'S DOOR." This song, which contains a good deal of vulgar humour, was published in Herd's Collection, in 1776. The author of the words is not known, and the date of the air is uncertain. The last line of the third stanza is one substituted by Allan Cunningham for the coarser line in the original.

## A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

AIR, "THE WHITE COCKADE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{P} = 138$

ALLEGRETTO SPIRITOSO.

A High - land lad my love was born, The Law - land laws he

held in scora; But he still was faith - ful to his clan, My gal - lant, braw John

High - land - man ! Sing hey, my braw John High - land - man ! Sing

ho, my braw John High - land - man! There's no a lad in a' the lan' Was  
match for my John High - land - man!

Wi' his philabeg an' tartan plaid,  
An' gude claymore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.  
Sing hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea;  
But, ere the bud was on the tree,  
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman.  
Sing hey, &c.

But, oh ! they catch'd him at the last,  
An' bound him in a dungeon fast;  
My curse upon them every one,  
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman!  
Sing hey, &c.

"A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN." This song, by Burns, occurs in his Cantata, "The Jolly Beggars," after the following "Recitativo :"

"Then neist outspak a rauncle carlin,  
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,  
For mony a pursie she had hookit,  
And had in mony a well been dookit.

Her dove had been a Highland laddie;  
But weary fa' the waefu' wuddie !  
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began  
To wail her braw John Highlandman."

The song in "The Jolly Beggars" is to the tune "O an' ye were dead, gudeman," an old air, which probably suggested the more modern air of "The White Cockade," given to the song in the present publication. In the Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 366, Mr. Stenhouse gives what he says is a correct set of the original melody of "I wish that ye were dead, gudeman," "from a very old manuscript in his possession." He does not inform us of the date of that "very old" MS., nor does he say whence it came, or to whom it belonged before it came into his hands. He adds, "This tune must have been quite common in Scotland long before 1549; for it is one of the airs to which the Reformers sung one of their spiritual hymns." Mr. Stenhouse quotes the first stanza of this "spiritual hymn," which we decline to repeat, on account of its profane absurdity. Coarse, vulgar, "hand and glove" familiarity with the most sacred subjects, prevailed to a shocking extent in those days of the sixteenth century. In the third volume of Johnson's Museum, pp. 253, 254, Mr. Stenhouse says that O'Keefe selected the air of "The White Cockade" for one of his songs in the opera of "The Highland Reel," first acted at Covent Garden in 1788. The first, second, fourth, and fifth stanzas of Burns' song in "The Jolly Beggars," have been selected for this work. The third and sixth stanzas are omitted.

## HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 76$

ANDANTE.

Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der - ing  
riten. *p colla voce.*

Wil - lie! Here a - wa', there a - wa', Haud a - wa' hame!

Come to my bo - som, my ain on - ly dear - ie; Tell me thou

Concluding symphony.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our partin' ;

Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e :

Welcome now, summer, and welcome, my Willie ;

The summer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers !

How your dread howling a lover alarms !

Wauken, ye breezes ! row gently, ye billows !

And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,

Flow still between us, thou wide roarin' main !

May I never see it, may I never trow it,

But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain !

"HERE AWA', THERE AWA'." This simple and charming little melody was first published by James Oswald, in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book vii. Its melodic structure is remarkable. The commencement indicates the major key of F, while the close is in D minor. We have seen such modulation in modern classical music, but only in the first strain of an Andante; the second strain reverting to the key first indicated, and concluding in it. In this Scottish melody there is, therefore, a curious peculiarity of modulation, which is not only free from harshness, but is pathetically pleasing and effective. It is a common error to believe that a melody *must* begin and end in one and the same key. There is no *reason* for that, save custom and arbitrary rules. If the modulation is smoothly and artistically managed, a melody may begin in one key and end in another *relative* key, without any real impropriety; nay, often with good effect, as is shown in this very air. Technical and scholastic rules for the structure of music and poetry are continually liable to exceptions, which it is the province of genius to discover. The date of the composition of this air, or its author, cannot now be ascertained.

Burns' first version of his song, "Here awa', there awa'," was written in March 1793, and sent to Mr. George Thomson. Some alterations were proposed by the Honourable Andrew Erskine and Mr. George Thomson, in which Burns at first acquiesced. But, as Doctor Currie remarks in his edition of Burns' Works, "our poet, with his usual judgment, adopted some of these alterations, and rejected others. The last edition is as follows." This last edition given by Dr. Currie, is the one here published. In his letter to Mr. George Thomson, April 1793, regarding "Here awa', there awa,'" and some other songs, Burns thus expresses his opinion of what is essential to a song or a ballad—simplicity! "Give me leave to criticise your taste in the only thing in which it is in my opinion reprehensible. You know I ought to know something of my own trade. Of pathos, sentiment, and point, you are a complete judge; but there is a quality more necessary than either in a song, and which is the very essence of a ballad,—I mean simplicity; now, if I mistake not, this last feature you are a little apt to sacrifice to the foregoing."

## ALASTAIR MAC ALASTAIR.

ARRANGED BY H. E. DIBBIN.

*p = 100*

CON SPIRITO.

Oh, A - las - tair Mac - A - las - tair, Your chan - ter sets us a' a-steer, Get

out your pipes, an' blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the High - land fling. Now

fz Marcato. fz

A - las - tair has tuned his pipes, An' thrang as bum-bees frae their hikes,<sup>1</sup> The lads an' lass - es

loup<sup>2</sup> the dykes, An' ga - ther on the green. Oh, A - las - tair Mac - A - las - tair, Your

chan - ter sets us a' a - steer, Then to your bags, an' blow wi' birr, We'll *sf*

dance the High - land fling.

The succeeding verses begin at the sign ; those within brackets may be omitted.

The miller Hah was fidgin' fain  
To dance the Highland fling his lane ;  
He lap, an' danced wi' might an' main,  
The like was never seen.  
Oh, Alastair, &c.

As round about the ring he whuds,<sup>3</sup>  
An' cracks his thumbs, an' shakes his duds,<sup>4</sup>  
The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,  
An' blinded a' their een.  
Oh, Alastair, &c.

[Neist rauchle-handed<sup>5</sup> smiddy Jock,  
A' blacken'd o'er wi' coom an' smoke,  
Wi' shanchlin'<sup>6</sup> blear-e'd Bess did yoke,  
That harum-scarum quean.  
Oh, Alastair, &c.]

[He shook his doublet in the wind,  
His feet like hammers strak the grund ;  
The very moudiewarts<sup>7</sup> were stunn'd,  
Nor kenn'd what it could mean.  
Oh, Alastair, &c.]

Now wanton Willie was na blate,<sup>8</sup>  
For he got haud o' winsome Kate,  
"Come here," quo' he, "I'll show the gate  
To dance the Highland fling."  
Oh, Alastair, &c.

Now Alastair has done his best ;  
An' weary stumps are wantin' rest,  
Forhye wi' droth they're sair distress'd,  
Wi' dancin' sae, I ween.  
Oh, Alastair, &c.

[I trow the gantrees<sup>9</sup> gat a lift ;  
An' round theicker flew like drift ;  
An' Alastair that very nicht,  
Could scarcely stand his lane.  
Oh, Alastair, &c.]

<sup>1</sup> Bees from their hives.  
<sup>6</sup> Shambling.

<sup>2</sup> Leap.  
<sup>7</sup> Moles.

<sup>3</sup> Bounds.  
<sup>8</sup> Bashful.

<sup>4</sup> Ragged clothes.  
<sup>9</sup> The trestle upon which barrels are placed.

## LOGAN WATER.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 63$

ANDANTE.

By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep, Fu' aft wi' glee I've

herd - ed sheep; Herd - ed sheep, or ga - ther'd slaes, Wi' my dear lad on

Lo - gan hraes. But waes my heart! thae days are gane, And, fu' o' grief, I

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, F major. The top staff has a treble clef, the middle staff has a bass clef, and the bottom staff has an alto clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first strain starts with a melodic line in the treble and bass staves, followed by a piano dynamic in the bass staff. The second strain begins with a melodic line in the alto staff, followed by a piano dynamic in the bass staff.

Nae mair, at Logan kirk, will he,  
Atween the preachings, meet wi' me—  
Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,  
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.  
I weel may sing, thae days are gane;  
Frae kirk and fair I come alone,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amast is gane,  
I daunder dowie an' forlame,<sup>1</sup>  
Or sit heneath the trystin'-tree,  
Where first he spak' o' love to me.  
O! could I see thae days again,  
My lover skaithless,<sup>2</sup> an' my ain;  
Rever'd hy friends, an' far frae faes,  
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes !

<sup>1</sup> I wander melancholy and alone.

<sup>2</sup> Unharmed.

"LOGAN WATER." The melody is of considerable antiquity; pathetic, and very Scottish in its character. In the second strain of some printed sets, we find F  $\sharp$  twice introduced instead of F  $\natural$ . The F  $\sharp$  is very clearly a modern interpolation; especially in the second measure of the second strain, where it occurs in the difficult and unvocal form of a leap from F  $\natural$  to the augmented octave above, F  $\sharp$ . In William Napier's Collection, 1790, we find (p. 17) the same air harmonized by F. H. Barthélémy, the celebrated French violinist. It is there in A minor, and G, the seventh of the scale, is, throughout, G  $\sharp$ . In some other sets, (McGibbon's and Oswald's,) the seventh of the scale is also minor throughout. We give the melody as it appears in older sets, and as it agrees with the true old Scottish tonalities.

The excellent song here published to the air of "Logan Water," was written by John Mayne, a native of Dumfries, who, in his earlier years, served an apprenticeship as a compositor to the Messrs. Foulis, the celebrated Glasgow printers. He afterwards went to London, and there was connected for many years with the "Star" newspaper. He was born in 1759, and died on the 14th March 1836. In the Preface to the edition of Mayne's poem, "The Siller Gun," London, 1836, dedicated to King William IV., we find a kind critical letter from the late talented Lord Woodhouselee, one of the Scottish Lords of Session, to John Mayne, dated 6th October 1808; and Mayne's interesting answer to that letter, of date, London, 19th December 1808. From this we quote what Mayne himself says regarding some of his poems, and his ballad of "Logan Water":—"You wish to know, my Lord, the names of such other pieces as I have written besides the poems of 'Glasgow,' and the 'Siller Gun.' There are but few of these in Scottish verse, and fewer still, I fear, that are worthy of your Lordship's notice. They consist generally of a single thought, suggested by the feeling and clothed in the language of the moment. The ballad of 'Logan Water' is of this description: it was written and circulated in Glasgow about the year 1781; inserted in the 'Star' newspaper, on Saturday the 23d of May 1789; thence copied and sung at Vauxhall, and published soon afterwards by a Music-dealer in the Strand."

Logan water, so famed in Scottish song, has its source among the hills which separate the parishes of Lesmahago and Muirkirk, in the south-west of Scotland; runs eastward for eight miles, and unites with the river Nethan.

## THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

*L* = 104  
ANDANTE.

The e'e - nin' sun was glint - in' bright, On In ver - may's sweet  
*p Legato.*

glen and stream, The rocks and woods, in rud - dy licht, Were kyth - in<sup>1</sup> like a

fai - ry dream. In lov - in' fear I took my gate, To seek the tryst<sup>2</sup> that

hap - py day, Wi' bon - nie Ma - ry, young and blate,<sup>2</sup> A - mang the birks o'  
 In - ver - may.

It wasna till the skleint<sup>4</sup>-moon's shine  
 Was glancin' deep in Mary's e'e,  
 That, a' in tears, she said, "I'm thine,  
 And ever will be true to thee!"  
 Ae kiss, the lover's pledge, and then  
 We spak o' a' that lovers say,  
 Syne linger'd hameward through the glen,  
 Amang the birks o' Invermay.

<sup>1</sup> Appeared as in.

<sup>2</sup> Appointed place of meeting.

<sup>3</sup> Bashful.

<sup>4</sup> Slant, declining.

"THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY." Some doubts have been started whether the name should be "Invermay," or "Endermay;" but the preponderance of evidence seems to be in favour of "Invermay." The prefix "Inver," signifies the junction of one stream with another, or with an arm of the sea, &c.; as in the names Inverary, Inverness, &c.: the river Ary falling into Loch Fine, and the river Ness falling into the Moray Firth. In the present case, Invermay would signify the junction of the rivulet May with the river Earn, about five miles above the Bridge of Earn, and nine from Perth. The old family of Belsches of Invermay, takes its territorial designation from the place in question. The glen scenery is beautiful, and richly wooded with birches, &c., which shroud the May in its deep and rocky bed. David Mallet—originally Malloch, and of whose literary career and character we obtain some curious information from the Life of David Hume, lately published by John Hill Burton, Esq., Advocate—wrote the two stanzas beginning, "The smiling morn, the breathing spring," which have hitherto been united to this air. The additional stanzas usually appended to these are said to have been written by the Rev. Doctor Bryce of Kirknewton.

We never could perceive the beauty of Mallet's first stanza, and the fourth line seems to us to have as little meaning as any line of Pope's song by a person of quality, while some of the other amorous lines could hardly pass in our more fastidious state of society. As to Dr. Bryce's lines, they are ludicrously artificial and nonsensical. The Publishers have therefore adopted another song, more recently written, which is at least more simple and intelligible in its language.

The author of the air and its date are unknown. It appears in William Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, under the name of "The birks of Endermay." Ramsay altered this to "The birks of Invermay." M'Gibbon calls the air "The birks of Euvermay." Oswald, to whom no confidence is due, has "Endermay." F. Peacock, No. 20, has "Invermay." Robert Bremner, First Book, pp. 4, 5, has "Invermay" in the title of the song, and "Endermay" in the title of the air.

## CAM' YE BY ATHOL?

ARRANGED BY A. LAWRIE.

**P.** = 63    **ALLEGRETTO**    **CON SPIRITO.**

Cam' ye by A - thol, lad wi' the phi - la - beg, Down by the Tum - mel, or  
 banks o' the Ga - ry? Saw ye the lads, wi' their bon - nets an' white cock - ades,  
 Leav - ing their mountains to fol - low Prince Char - lie? Fol - low thee, fol - low thee,

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The top staff features a melody line with eighth and sixteenth notes, accompanied by a basso continuo staff below it. The middle staff continues the melody with a dynamic 'p' (piano). The bottom staff provides harmonic support with sustained chords. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

wha wad - na fol - low thee? Lang hast thou loved an' trust - ed us fair - ly!

Char - lie, Char - lie, wha wad - na fol - low thee? King o' the Highland hearts,

bon - nie Prince Char - lie.

Below the musical score, the lyrics continue in two columns:

I ha'e but ae son, my gallant young Donald;  
But if I had ten, they should follow Glengarry;  
Health to M'Donald, and gallant Clan-Ronald,  
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.  
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;  
Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;  
Brave Mackintosh, he shall fly to the field wi' them;  
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.  
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

Down thro' the Lowlands, down wi' the whigamore,  
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely;  
Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore,  
Over the necks of the foes o' Prince Charlie.  
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

"CAM' YE BY ATHOL?" This song was written by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was set to music by Neil Gow, Jun., and was published in "The Border Garland;" a work of which the first number only was published. The work seems to have been projected by Hogg, in order to give publicity to his own poetical and musical compositions. As no second number was published, it is to be presumed that the first number did not receive popular encouragement. Of the nine songs forming the first number, four were set to music by Hogg, three by "a friend of the Editor," and two were adapted to old airs. The song is here published by permission of Mr. Purdie, the present proprietor of that work.

## THOU ART GANE AWA'.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 48$

ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIVO.

Thou art gane a - wa', thou'rt gane a - wa', Thou art gane a - wa' frae  
 me, Ma - ry! Nor friends nor I could make thee stay; Thou hast cheat - ed them an'  
 me, Ma - ry! Un - til this hour I ne - ver thought That ought could al - ter

colla voce.

Whate'er he said or might pretend,  
That stole that heart o' thine, Mary,  
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,  
Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.  
I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,  
Nae selfish thought's in me, Mary,  
Ambition, wealth, nor naething such;  
No, I loved only thee, Mary !

Though you've been false, yet while I live,  
I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary ;  
Let friends forget, as I forgive,  
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary ;  
So then, farewell ! o' this be sure,  
Since you've been false to me, Mary ;  
For a' the world I'd not endure  
Half what I've done for thee, Mary .

"THOU ART GANE AWA'." This melody is evidently derived from the old Scottish air "Haud awa' frae me, Donald," which was published so far back as 1657, in John Playford's "Dancing Master," under the title of "Welcome home, old Rowley." It affords another example of the alteration and remodelling of old airs, to which we have already adverted in Note, p. 25, and to which we shall again have occasion to advert in future Notes. The melody, as here given, is nearly the same as that published by Pietro Urbani at Edinburgh, in his Collection of Scottish Airs, &c., about the close of the last century. Some of his redundant embellishments have been omitted. Urbani, a good singer and a good musician, had the merit of being the first person who attempted, at great cost, to get up some of Handel's Oratorios in Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1802; but the meritorious attempt was not encouraged, and Urbani was ruined. He afterwards went to reside in Dublin, and died there in 1816. The author of the verses is not known. They were printed anonymously in Urbani's Collection and in Johnson's Museum.

As the transformation which the old air has undergone is curious, we subjoin it in the same key as the new air, to facilitate comparison.

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

AIR, "HEY, TUTTIE TATTIE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{F} = 66$

ADAGIO  
SOSTENUTO.

I'm wear - in' a - wa', Jean, Like snow-wreaths in thaw,\* Jean; I'm  
 wear - in' a - wa' To the land o' the leal. There's nae sor - row  
 there, Jean, There's nei - ther cauld nor care, Jean, The day is aye fair In the

*a piacere.*

\* In some editions, "Like snow in a thaw."

Ye've been leal and true, Jean,  
Your task is ended now, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you  
    To the land o' the leal.  
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,  
And we grudged her sair  
    To the land o' the leal.  
  
Sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,  
And joy is comin' fast, Jean,  
Joy that's aye to last  
    In the land o' the leal.

Then dry that glist'nin' e'e, Jean,  
My soul langts to be free, Jean,  
And angels wait on me  
    To the land o' the leal.  
  
A' our friends are game, Jean,  
We've lang been left alone, Jean,  
We'll a' meet again  
    In the land o' the leal.  
  
Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,  
This world's care is vain, Jean,  
We'll meet and aye be fain  
    In the land o' the leal.

"THE LAND O' THE LEAL." The air has long been commonly called "Hey, tuttie tattie," apparently from a passage in the last stanza of an anonymous song, supposed to have been written about the beginning of last century, and sung to the air here given. The passage alluded to is—

"When you hear the pipe sound  
Tuttie tattie, to the drum," &c.

Burns speaks of the air as follows:—"I am delighted with many little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid. I do not know whether the old air, 'Hey, tuttie tattie,' may rank among this number; but well I know that with Frazer's hautboy, it has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places of Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn."

In Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, published at Edinburgh in 1802, there is a set of "Hey, tuttie tattie" given under the name of "Hey, now the day dawis." It differs from Johnson's set, (No. 170 of Museum,) not only in several notes, but in the relative position of the two strains into which the air is divided: in Johnson, the second strain being placed before the first. Mr. Stenhouse (Museum, vol. ii. pp. 162, 163) says, "The more ancient title of this tune was 'Hey, now the day dawis,' the first line of a song which had been a very great favourite in Scotland several centuries ago. It is quoted by Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, in the prologue to the thirteenth book of his admirable translation of Virgil into Scottish verse, which was finished in 1513. It is likewise mentioned by his contemporary, the poet Dunbar, and many others. This song was long supposed to be lost; but it is preserved in an ancient manuscript collection of poems belonging to the library of the College of Edinburgh." We think it very doubtful that the air of "Hey, tuttie tattie," and the air of "Hey, now the day dawis," were the same. In the Straloch MS. Lute-Book—noticed formerly in Note p. 9 of this work—we find an air called "The day dawis," which differs totally from the air "Hey, tuttie tattie." The former has no Scottish characteristics, and may have been composed by some English, or French, or Italian musician attending the Scottish Court. That there were many foreign musicians, as well as Scottish, English, and Irish ones, employed at the Court of Scotland, appears from documents preserved in the General Register House at Edinburgh; and from the curious passages from these in the "Extracts from the Accounts of the Lords High Treasurers of Scotland, relative to music," from A.D. 1474 to 1550, given in No. III. of Appendix to the late Mr. William Dauney's valuable work, "Ancient Scottish Melodies," &c., 1838.

The excellent verses here given were published about the year 1800—the author is still unknown. The words were originally "I'm wearin' awa', John;" they seem to have been altered with the intention of making the song appear to be the parting address of Burns. There are many versions of it, and as one is not of more authority than another, we have selected what we conceive to be the best. The fifth and seventh stanzas have generally been omitted, and it is doubtful whether the latter be not an interpolation by a different hand.

## SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLEED.

AIR, "HEY, TUTTIE TATTIE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{C} = 116$

MAESTOSO,  
ED  
ENERGICO.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led!

Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie! Now's the day, an'

now's the hour: See the front of bat - the lour: See approach proud Edward's power;

Chains and sla - ver - ie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?  
Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
Let him turn an' flee !  
Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa,  
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes an' pains,  
By our sons in servile chains,  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free.  
Lay the proud usurpers low !  
Tyrants fall in every foe !  
Liberty's in every blow !  
Let us do or die !

"SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLEED." We have already spoken of the air "Hey, now the day dawis," in the preceding Note. We have now to speak of the admirable words written for that air by Burns on 1st August 1793. It appears, that on 30th July 1793, Burns and his friend, Mr. John Syme, set out on horseback from the house of Mr. Gordon of Kenmure, for Gatehouse, a village in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. "I took him (says Mr. Syme) by the moor-road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark. The hollow winds sighed; the lightnings gleamed; the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene—he spoke not a word, but seemed wrapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day, (2d August 1793,) he produced me the following Address of Bruce to his troops, and gave me a copy for Dalzell."

Mr. Lockhart, in his "Life of Burns," gives a very interesting passage regarding Burns' visit to Bannockburn in August 1787, from some fragments of his journal that had come into Mr. Lockhart's hands. "Here (says Burns) no Scot can pass uninterested. I fancy to myself that I see my gallant countrymen coming over the hill, and down upon the plunderers of their country, the murderers of their fathers, noble revenge and just hate glowing in every vein, striding more and more eagerly as they approach the oppressive, insulting, bloodthirsty foe. I see them meet in glorious triumphant congratulation on the victorious field, exulting in their heroic royal leader, and rescued liberty and independence." Mr. Lockhart adds, "Here we have the germ of Burns' famous *Ode on the Battle of Bannockburn.*" Burns' original words to the air that he chose himself, are much superior to his altered ones, adapted to a very paltry air in Johnson's Museum, (No. 577,) or to "Lewie Gordon," in Mr. G. Thomson's Collection. We here give Burns' original words, with the air for which he composed them.

The English army which, conducted by Edward II., invaded Scotland in June 1314, amounted to upwards of one hundred thousand men, including forty thousand English cavalry. That formidable force consisted of Englishmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen. King Robert Bruce had to provide against three great disadvantages on the part of his Scottish army. First, a great deficiency in cavalry, and a want of mail-clad men-at-arms. Second, the inferiority of the Scottish archers to the English ones; the former having only short and ill-strung bows and clumsy arrows, and being chiefly Highlanders untrained to the use of the bow; while this was a weapon familiar to the English, who were taught to handle it from five years of age; and who, when grown up, employed bows of six feet, and arrows of three feet in length, and were practised marksmen. Lastly, the great inferiority of numbers; the whole of Bruce's fighting men amounting only to about thirty thousand. He had a rabble of about ten thousand useless camp-followers, who were not in the field of battle at Bannockburn. In these circumstances, Bruce disposed his smaller army in a position indicated by his military skill, near Stirling: a rivulet called Bannockburn, running between steep and rocky banks, covering his right wing; a morass protecting his front. On the 24th June 1314, was fought the memorable battle of Bannockburn, in which the English army was utterly routed with immense slaughter. Edward fled to Dunbar Castle, and thence escaped almost alone to Berwick in a fishing skiff, "leaving behind him (says Scott) the finest army a King of England ever commanded." For details of this famous battle, see Sir Walter Scott's and Mr. P. F. Tytler's Histories of Scotland.

## LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 100$

ANDANTE  
A PIACERE.

O Lo - gie o' Buch - an, O Lo - gie the

laird, They ha'e ta'en a - wa' Ja - mie, that delved in the yard, Wha play'd on the

colla voce.

pipe, an' the vi - ol sae sma'; They hae ta'en a - wa' Ja - mie, the flow'r o' them

a'. He said, Think na lang,<sup>1</sup> lass - ie, tho' I gang a - wa'; For I'll eome an'

{

see thee in spite o' them a'.

{

Though Sandie has owsen, has gear, and has kye,  
A house, an' a hadden,<sup>2</sup> an' siller forbye,  
Yet I'd tak' my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,  
Before I'd ha'e him, wi' his houses an' land.

But simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',  
An' he'll come an' see me in spite o' them a'.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,  
They gloom upon Jamie because he is puir :  
Though I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,  
They are no half so dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, Think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',  
For I'll come an' see thee in spite o' them a'.

I sit on my creepie,<sup>3</sup> an' spin at my wheel,  
An' think on the laddie that lo'es me sae weel :  
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,  
An' he ga'e me the half o't when he gaed awa'.

But the simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',  
Then haste ye back, Jamie, an' bide na awa'.

<sup>1</sup> Do not weary.

<sup>2</sup> The stocking of a farm ; furniture of a house.

<sup>3</sup> A low foot-stool.

"LOGIE O' BUCHAN." "Considerable liberties (says Mr. Stenhouse) have been taken both with the words and music of this fine song in the Museum. On turning up the manuscript transmitted to Johnson, and comparing it with the song, as preserved in a curious collection which belonged to the late Mr. James Sibbald, bookseller in Edinburgh, now in the possession of the present Editor, he observes that Burns made several alterations on the old verses. These, however, do not always appear to be for the better; and the tune is evidently altered for the worse. The original air consists of one simple strain, and this is repeated for the chorus. It is here annexed with the old verses." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. pp. 336, 337. Mr. Stenhouse is quite right in saying that the tune in the Museum "is evidently altered for the worse." It is there a poor hybrid tune; while the set given by Mr. Stenhouse is good, national, and characteristic. The latter is the very set with which the Editor of this work was made familiar in his early childhood. It has been adopted in this work.

The date of the air of "Logie o' Buchan" is unknown. The date of the verses may be among the earlier years of the last century. Mr. Peter Buchan, formerly of Peterhead, now of Glasgow, states, in his "Gleanings of scarce old Ballads," Peterhead, 1825, that it was written by George Halket, a schoolmaster at Rathen, in Aberdeenshire, who died in 1756. Halket was a great Jacobite, and wrote various pieces in support of his party: one of the best known of these is the song called "Whirry, Whigs, awa', man." Another, now lost, called "A Dialogue between the Devil and George II.," having fallen into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland, when on his way to Culloden, a reward of £100 was offered for the author, either dead or alive. The Logie mentioned in the song is situated in Crimond, a parish adjoining the one where Halket resided, and the hero of the piece was a James Robertson, gardener at the place (mansion-house) of Logie.

## THE LOWLANDS O' HOLLAND.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 88$

ADAGIO  
CON ANIMA.

The love that I had cho - sen, Was to my heart's con - tent, The  
 saut sea soll be fro - zen Be - fore that I re - pent; Re - pent it will I ne - ver, Un -  
 til the day I dee, Tho' the Low - lands o' Hol - land Ha'e



The stanzas within brackets may be omitted in singing.

My love lies in the saut sea,  
And I am on the side,  
Enough to break a young thing's heart  
Wha lately was a bride;  
Wha lately was a bonnie bride,  
And pleasure in her e'e;  
But the Lowlands o' Holland  
Ha'e twinned my love and me.

[My love he built a bonnie ship,  
And sent her to the sea,  
Wi' seven score brave mariners  
To bear her companie;  
Threescore gaed to the bottom,  
And threescore died at sea,  
And the Lowlands o' Holland  
Ha'e twinned my love and me.]

[My love he built anither ship,  
And sent her to the main,  
He had but twenty mariners,  
And a' to bring her hame;  
But the weary wind began to rise,  
And the sea began to rout,  
And my love, and his bonnie ship,  
Turn'd widdershins<sup>1</sup> about !]

There sall nae eoif<sup>2</sup> come on my head,  
Nae kame come in my hair,  
There sall neither coal nor candle licht,  
Come in my bower mair;  
Nor sall I ha'e anither love,  
Until the day I dee,  
I never loved a love but ane,  
And he's drown'd in the sea.

[O, haud your tongue, my daughter dear,  
Be still, and be content,  
There are mair lads in Galloway,  
Ye needna sair lament.  
O ! there is nane in Galloway,  
There's nane at a' for me ;  
For I never lo'ed a lad but ane,  
And he's drown'd in the sea.]

<sup>1</sup> In a direction contrary to the sun.

<sup>2</sup> Cap, head-dress.

"THE LOWLANDS O' HOLLAND." This ballad is said to have been composed about the beginning of last century by a young widow in Galloway, whose husband was drowned on a voyage to Holland. "The third verse in the Museum, (says Mr. Stenhouse,) is spurious nonsense, and Johnson has omitted the last stanza altogether." In Oswald's second Collection there is a tune called "The Lowlands of Holland," but it is quite different from the excellent air given by Johnson, and by Pietro Urbani, and is evidently modelled upon the air in the Skene MS., "My love she winns not here away." The late Mr. William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, borrowed his highly popular tune, "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," from "The Lowlands of Holland," as given by Johnson and Urbani. To Marshall's altered air, Burns wrote his charming song, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." Mr. Stenhouse says, "The Editor of the late Collection of Gaelic Airs in 1816, puts in a claim for 'The Lowlands of Holland' being a Highland air, and that it is called, 'Thuile toabh a sheidas goagh.' By writing a few Gaelic verses to each Lowland song, every Scottish melody might easily be transferred to the Highlands. This is rather claiming too much." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 115. To this we have to add, that with admirable coolness, and without offering any evidence, the Editor of that Collection gives a "List of Highland Melodies already incorporated with Scottish song;" and among these we find "Wilt thou be my dearie?" "Coming through the rye;" "My love's in Germany;" "Green grow the rashes;" "Wat ye wha's in yon town?" "Gloomy winter's now awa' ;" "Wat ye wha I met yestreen?" &c., in all twenty-five airs, which he claims as Highland! We had intended to make some farther remarks upon this most untenable claim; but perhaps the above may suffice for the present.

## OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 98$

ANDANTE  
AFFETTUOSO.

Of a' the airts<sup>1</sup> the wind can blaw, I dear - ly like the west; For there the bonnie lass - ie lives, The

lass that I lo'e best: Tho' wild woods grow, an' ri-vers row, Wi' mo - nie a hill be - tween, Baith

day an' night, my fancy's flight Is e - ver wi' my Jean. I see her in the dew-y flow'r, Sae

<sup>1</sup> *Airt*—direction, point of the compass.

love-ly, sweet, an' fair; I hear her voice in il - ka bird, Wi' mu-sie echarm the air: There's

not a bon-nie flow'r that springs, By fountain, shaw, or green, Nor yet a bon-nie bird that sings, But

minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft  
Amang the leafy trees;  
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,  
Bring hame the laden bees;  
An' bring the lassie back to me  
“Wi' her twa witchin' een;”  
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,  
Sae lovely is my Jean!

What sighs an' vows amang the knowes,  
Ha'e past atween us twa!  
How fain to meet, how wae to part,  
That day she gaed awa'  
The powers aboon can only ken,  
To whom the heart is seen,  
That name can be sae dear to me,  
As my sweet lovely Jean!

“OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.” As to this air, see Note, page 13, and also Note, page 85. The song is certainly one of Burns' best, so far as he wrote it. Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in his “Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song,” says, that he believes “Burns did not write more than the first sixteen lines of this beautiful song.” He also observes that the third and fourth stanzas were not found among Burns' MSS. after his death; and that none of his editors or commentators, except Allan Cunningham and Motherwell, have claimed them for Burns. Farther, that Dr. Currie in his edition of Burns, Mr. Stenhouse in “Johnson's Musical Museum,” and Mr. David Laing in his additional notes to that work, do not mention these stanzas as of Burns' composition; and that Mr. George Thomson, in his “Melodies of Scotland,” (edition of 1838,) has rejected them as spurious. By some they have been ascribed to William Reid, Bookseller, Glasgow; but Captain Gray is rather inclined to believe they were written by John Hamilton, Musicseller, Edinburgh.

## ALAS! THAT I CAM' O'ER THE MUIR.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 60$

ANDANTE.

A - las! that I cam' o'er the muir, An' left my love be -

p

hind me! My bon - nie love, ay true to me, But true love could - na

bind me! I left my love, an' far a - wa' I

colla voce.

riten.

sought a rich - er dear - ie, Wha's fause to me, an' now, a - las! I'm

*p*

lane - ly, wae, an' ee - rie!

*p*

*colla voce.*

Oh warldly gear!<sup>1</sup> how mony vows,  
How mony hearts ye've broken!  
The want o' you, the wish to hae,  
Leave room for nae love-taken !

You blythesome lark that 'boon<sup>2</sup> his nest  
His hymn o' love is singin',  
Nae warldly thocht has he; the lift<sup>3</sup>  
Is but wi' true love ringin'.

O had I but my true love taen,  
My bonnie love, tho' puri;  
This day I wadna sae lament  
That I cam' o'er the muir !

I now maun dree<sup>4</sup> the fate o' them  
Wha'd sell their love for gain ;  
Maun tine<sup>5</sup> true love for dreams o' gowd,  
An' live an' dee alone !

<sup>1</sup> Timorous, affrighted.

<sup>2</sup> Wealth.

<sup>3</sup> Above.

<sup>4</sup> Atmosphere, firmament.

<sup>5</sup> Suffer, endure.

<sup>6</sup> Lose.

"ALAS ! THAT I CAM' O'ER THE MUIR." "This air is of undoubted antiquity. Burns says, 'Ramsay found the first line of this song, which had been preserved as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. When old titles convey any idea at all, they will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air,'—*Burns' Reliques*. This conjecture of Burns turns out to be amazingly correct." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 18, 19. "It appears, however, that Ramsay was scarcely so fortunate [as to recover the first line of the old song.] What he found was something much less poetical—'The last time I came o'er the muir—but a poor substitute for the impassioned ejaculation, 'Alas ! that I cam' o'er the muir,' and therefore not very inspiring to the genius of the poet, who has certainly not educated from it any thing more than a very namby-pamby sort of ditty."—Dauney's "Ancient Scottish Melodies," p. 253. Referring to the Skene MSS., Mr. Stenhouse says, "In these collections, the identical tune of 'The last time I cam' o'er the muir,' occurs no less than twice, and one of the sets commences with the two first lines of the old song,

' Alace ! that I came o'er the moor,

And left my love behind me.'"—*ibid.* pp. 18, 19.

Here there are two mistakes. We have found the air in this MS. only once, and very far from being "identical" with the tune in Johnson's Museum, upon which Mr. Stenhouse's Note was written. This, with several other references which Mr. Stenhouse makes to tunes in the Skene MS., proves that he could not translate any of these tunes in Tablature, although he writes as if he had read and understood them.

Mr. Dauney's judicious remark on Allan Ramsay's song has induced the Publishers to give to the air new verses, which have been written for this work by a friend.

## O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

*p*

*mf*

*f*

*p*

*cres.*

*sf*

*young Che - va - lier!*

*When first his stan - dard caught the eye,*

*His*

*tenuto.*

*>cres.*

*cres.*

*>*

young Che - va - lier. O Charlie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling; O  
 Charlie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier!

The succeeding verses begin at the sign :S:

Then plaided chiefs cam' frae afar,  
 Girt in their fighting geir;  
 They nobly drew their swords for war  
 And the young Chevalier!  
 O Charlie is my darling, &c.

But they wha trust to Fortune's smile,  
 Ha'e meikle cause to fear;  
 She blinket blythe, but to beguile  
 Their young Chevalier!  
 O Charlie is my darling, &c.

Wae on Culloden's bloody field!  
 Dark source o' mony a tear;  
 There Albyn lost her sword and shield,  
 And her young Chevalier!  
 O Charlie is my darling, &c.

Now Scotland's "Flowers are wede away;"  
 Her mountain Pines are sere:  
 Her Royal Oak is gane for aye—  
 Our young Chevalier!  
 O Charlie is my darling, &c.

"O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING." It has been the fate of this air to undergo several odd transformations. James Hogg, in the second volume of his Jacobite Relics, p. 92, gives what he says is the original air. It is very different from the air No. 428 of Johnson's Museum, "modernized" by Mr. Stephen Clarke, a friend of Burns, and father of the late William Clarke, who succeeded him as organist of the Episcopal Chapel, Canongate, Edinburgh. Stephen Clarke was an Englishman, and seems to have been a worthy man, though but a mediocre musician. By referring to the sets of this air given by Johnson, and by James Hogg, the reader will perceive how many liberties Stephen Clarke took with the original. Semitones introduced where tones were ; and many other alterations. But the modern set here given is still more curious as an example of the transformations to which we have formerly alluded in Notes, pp. 13, 25, 47. It differs materially from Hogg's and Clarke's sets; but is more popular than either, and therefore we have adopted it. We cannot trace the history of its transformation to its present state, but we think it probable that this may be due to some popular singer within the last forty years.

The old song, even after all the emendations and additions of Burns, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Mrs. Grant of Laggan, is still scarcely above mediocrity. We have therefore adopted the excellent verses written for the air, and published some years ago by Captain Charles Gray, R.M.; they are now reprinted with his permission, and with his latest alterations. Captain Gray's merits as a successful song writer are well known.

## FAIR JANET.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{P} = 60$

ANDANTE.

"Ye man gang to your fa - ther, Ja - net, Ye maun gang to him sunne; Ye  
 maun gang to your fa - ther, Ja - net, Be - fore his days are dune." Ja -  
 net's a - wa' to her fa - ther, As fast as she could hie: "O what's your will wi'

me, father; O what's your will wi' me?"

" My will wi' you, fair Janet," he said,  
" It is baith bed and board;  
Some say that ye lo'e sweet Willie,  
But ye maun wed a French Lord."

Janet's awa' to her chamber,  
As fast as she could go;  
Wha's the first ane that tapped there  
But sweet Willie, her jo?

" O we maun part this love, Willie,  
That has been lang between;  
There's a French Lord coming o'er the sea,  
To wed me wi' a ring;  
There's a French Lord coming o'er the sea,  
To wed and tak' me hame."

\* \* \* \*

Willie he was scarce awa',  
And the lady put to bed,  
When in and came her father dear,  
" Make haste, and busk the bride!"

" There's a sair pain in my head, father;  
There's a sair pain in my side;  
And ill, O ill am I, father,  
This day for to be a bride."

" O, ye maun busk this bonnie bride,  
And put a gay mantle on;  
For she shall wed this auld French Lord,  
Gin she should dee the morn."

\* \* \* \*

Some put on the gay green robes,  
And some put on the brown,  
But Janet put on the scarlet robes,  
To shine foremost through the town.

And some they mounted the black steed,  
And some they mounted the brown,  
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,  
To ride foremost through the town.

" O wha will guide your horse, Janet?

O wha will guide him best?"

" O wha but Willie, my true love;  
He kens I lo'e him best."

And when they cam' to Marie's kirk,  
To tye the haly ban',  
Fair Janet's face look'd pale and wan,  
And her colour gaed and cam'.

When dinner it was past and done,  
And dancing to begin,  
" O, we'll go take the bride's maidens,  
And we'll go fill the ring."

O, ben then came the auld French Lord,  
Saying, " Bride, will ye dance wi' me?"  
" Awa', awa', ye auld French Lord,  
Your face I downa see."

O, ben then came now sweet Willie,  
Saying, " Bride, will ye dance wi' me?"  
" Aye, by my sooth, and that I will,  
Gin my back should break in three."

She hadna turn'd her thro' the dance,  
Thro' the dance but thrice,  
When she fell down at Willie's feet,  
And up did never rise.

Willie's ta'en the key o' his coffer,  
And gi'en it to his man—  
" Gae hame, and tell my mother dear,  
My horse he has me slain;  
Bid her be kind to my young son,  
For father he has name."

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,  
And the tither in Marie's quier;  
Out of the tane there grew a birk,  
And the tither, a bonnie brier.

" FAIR JANET." The air of this ballad has been obligingly given to the Publishers of this work by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. Mr. Sharpe published the ballad in his "Ballad Book," 1824. He there says, "This ballad, the subject of which appears to be very popular, is printed as it was sung by an old woman in Perthshire. The air is extremely beautiful." Motherwell also gives it in his "Minstrelsy," 1827, and says, "This is by far the most complete and apparently genuine copy that we have yet met with of the ballad which is usually printed under the name of 'Willie and Annette,' or of that improved version of the same ballad published by Mr. Finlay, under the title of 'Sweet Willie.'"

## CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 66$

MODERATO.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, Ca' them where the hea-ther grows,

rall.

Ca' them where the bur-nie rows, My bon-nie dear-ie. Hark, the ma-vis'

eve-ning sang, Sound-ing Clu-den's woods a-mang; Then a-fauld-ing let us gang,

My bonnie dearie.

We'll gaun doun by Cluden side,  
Through the hazels spreading wide  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,  
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,  
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,  
O'er the dewy bending flowers  
The fairies dance sae cheerie.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear :  
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,  
Nocht of ill may come thee near,  
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stoun my very heart ;  
I can die—but canna part,  
My bonnie dearie.

"CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES." In a letter to Mr. G. Thomson, September 1794, Burns says, "I am flattered at your adopting 'Ca' the yowes to the knowes' as it was owing to me that it saw the light. About seven years ago, I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr. Clunie, who sung it charmingly; and, at my request, Mr. Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. Here it is, with all its crudities and imperfections on its head." This is the song which we have given with the wild and pretty air which Burns thus rescued from oblivion. He saved many other good melodies from being lost; and, for this alone, Scotland owes him another debt of gratitude. This fact is not generally known, and is not alluded to by his biographers. Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in his "Cursory remarks on Scottish Song," was the first to point out our obligations to Burns in this respect.

The Cluden, or Clouden, is a river in Dumfries-shire, which rises near the feet of the Criffel hills, and falls into the Nith, nearly opposite to Lincluden College.

Following up what we have quoted above from Burns, it may not be out of place here to state in his own words his ideas of music and song, and his mode of composing verses to airs that pleased him, or that were sent to him for verses. The passages are from his letters to Mr. George Thomson. "November 8, 1792. There is a peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, and a necessity of adapting syllables to the emphasis, or what I would call the feature notes, of the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties." "September, 1793. Until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing, (such as it is,) I never can compose for it. My way is : I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression ; then choose my theme ; begin one stanza ; when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature around me, that are in unison or harmony with the cogitations of my fancy, and workings of my bosom ; humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper, swinging at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow-chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures, as my pen goes on. Seriously, this at home, is almost invariably my way."

That Burns had a fine feeling for the simple melodies of his country, the following extracts will show :—"April, 1793. I have still several MS. Scots airs by me which I have picked up, mostly from the singing of country lasses. They please me vastly ; but your learned *lugs* would perhaps be displeased with the very feature for which I like them. I call them simple ; you would pronounce them silly." "September, 1793. You know that my pretensions to musical taste are merely a few of nature's instincts, untaught and untutored by art. For this reason, many musical compositions, particularly where much of the merit lies in counterpoint, however they may transport and ravish the ears of you connoisseurs, affect my simple lug no otherwise than merely as melodious din. On the other hand, by way of amends, I am delighted with many little melodies, which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid." "September, 1794. Not to compare small things with great, my taste in music is like the mighty Frederick of Prussia's taste in painting : we are told that he frequently admired what the connoisseurs decried, and always without any hypocrisy confessed his admiration," &c.

## PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

ARRANGED BY A. LAWRIE.

*ALLEGRETTO  
E MOLTO  
ENERGICO.*

PI - broch of Do - nui Dhu, PI - broch of Do - nui, Wake thy wild voice a - new,

Sum - mon Clan Co - nui. Come a - way, come a - way, Hark to the sum - mons!

Come in your war ar - ray, Gen - tles and com - mons. Come a - way, come a - way,

Hark to the sun - mons! Come in your war ar - ray, Gen - tles and com - mons.

*ff*

Come from deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky,  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlochy.  
Come every hill-plaid, and  
True heart that wears one ;  
Come every steel-blade, and  
Strong hand that bears one !  
Come every hill-plaid, &c.

Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter ;  
Leave the corpse unterr'd,  
The bride at the altar.  
Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges ;  
Come with your fighting gear  
Broadswords and targes.  
Leave the deer, leave the steer, &c.

Come as the winds come, when  
Forests are rended :  
Come as the waves come, when  
Navyes are stranded.  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster :  
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
Tenant and master.  
Faster come, faster come, &c.

Fast they come, fast they come ;  
See how they gather !  
Wide waves the eagle plume,  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set ;  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
Knell for the onset !  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades, &c.

"PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU." The air was long known under the name of "Lochiel's March." The words were written by Scott in 1816, for A. Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology," in the first volume of which they were published. In the Dissertation prefixed to Patrick McDonald's Collection of Highland Airs, we find the following passage :—"A very peculiar species of martial music was in the highest request with the Highlanders. It was sometimes sung, accompanied with words, but more frequently performed on the bagpipe. And, in spite of every change, a *pibrach*, or *cruineachadh*, though it may sound harsh to the ear of a stranger, still rouses the native Highlander, in the same way that the sound of the trumpet does the war-horse. Nay, it sometimes produced effects little less marvellous than those recorded of ancient music. At the battle of Quebec, in April 1760, whilst the British troops were retreating in great confusion, the General complained to a field-officer of Fraser's regiment, of the bad behaviour of his corps. 'Sir,' answered he, with some warmth, 'you did very wrong in forbidding the pipes to play this morning : nothing encourages Highlanders so much in a day of action. Nay, even now they would be of use.' 'Let them blow like the d—l then,' replied the General, 'if it will bring back the men.' And, the pipers being ordered to play a favourite *cruineachadh*, the Highlanders, who were broken, returned the moment they heard the music, and formed with great alacrity in the rear."

## WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

*ANDANTINO  
AFFETTUOSO.*

$\text{♩} = 80$

Wilt thou be my dearie? When  
sor - row wrings thy gen - tle heart, O wilt thou let me cheer thee?  
By the trea - sures of my soul, That's the love I bear thee! I swear and vow that  
on - ly thou Shall e - ver be my dear - ie. On - ly thou, I swear and vow, Shall

e - ver be my dear - ie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;  
 Or, if thou wilt not be my ain,  
 Say na thou'l refuse me :  
 If it winna, canna be,  
 Thou, for thine, may choose me ;  
 Let me, lassie, quickly dee,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.  
 Lassie, let me quickly dee,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

"WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?" Mr. Stenhouse says, "This charming little song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to the first strain of an old strathspey, called 'The Souter's Daughter.' Burns, in a Note annexed to the words, says, 'Tune, *The Souter's Daughter*. N.B.—It is only the first part of the tune to which the song is to be set.' The 'Souter's Daughter' is printed in Bremner's Collection of Reels, in 1764. It also appears in Neil Gow and Son's Collection, and in several others." See *Museum Illustrations*, vol. v. p. 415.

We cannot refrain from pointing out here the utter falseness and absurdity of an opinion which has met with its ignorant abettors, and which arose from an old misinterpretation of a passage in Tassoni's "Pensieri Diversi," (Venice, 1646.) The passage is as follows:—"Noi ancora possiamo connumerar tra nostri Jacopo Rè di Scozia, che non pur cose sacre compose in canto, ma trovò da se stesso una nuova musica lamentevole, e mesta, differente da tutte l'altre. Nel che poi è stato imitato da Carlo Gesualdo, principe di Venosa, che in questa nostra età ha illustrato anch'egli la musica con nuove e mirabili invenzioni." Lib. x. c. xxiii. This passage has been erroneously interpreted as signifying that King James I. of Scotland composed our old Scottish melodies, and that he was imitated in the same style of composition by the Prince of Venosa. No documents exist to show the style of the sacred music that James is said by Tassoni to have composed, nor to show the style of that new plaintive and mournful music, different from all other music, which he is said to have invented. Tassoni's words plainly mean, not that the Prince of Venosa imitated the style of James' new music, but that he imitated the example of James in inventing a new plaintive and mournful music, different from all other music; and that this is the true meaning, is evident from the concluding words of the passage, where it is said that "in our age he also has illustrated music by new and wonderful inventions." We add only a few words to set the matter at rest. Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa in the Neapolitan States, was a remarkable composer of music in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Alessandro Tassoni, a Modenesse, was born in 1565, and died in 1635. James I. was assassinated in 1437, in the forty-fourth year of his age. Fortunately, the compositions of the Prince of Venosa have been printed, and are therefore open to examination, and to comparison with Scottish melodies. They are very curious compositions—madrigals; but contain no *melodies* of any kind, but merely dry and crude harmonic combinations and modulations, some of which are very strange and original. Not one of the voice parts that we have examined contains anything in the least resembling any known Scottish melody, or anything else now named *melody*. Some of the best of the Prince of Venosa's compositions are given in the works of Padre Martini, Choron, &c.; and to these the Editor of this work refers the reader. It is high time that the received nonsense written about the imitation of Scottish melodies by the Prince of Venosa should be for ever set aside. That remarkable amateur, like several others of his countrymen about the same period, was striving to emancipate himself from the fetters of the old ecclesiastical tonalities and harmonies, which, till then, had confined the musical genius of all Europe to an inexpressive order of forms, with a few popular exceptions. The production of the modern tonalities—a major and a minor scale—and a revolution in musical melody and harmony—were due to the genius of Claudio Monteverde, an eminent Italian musician, at the close of the sixteenth, and the commencement of the seventeenth centuries.

## O WALLY, WALLY.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 63$

ANDANTE  
MESTO.

wal - ly,<sup>1</sup> wal - ly up the bank, And wal - ly, wal - ly down the brae, And

wal - ly, wal - ly yon burnside, Where I and my love wont to gae!

I lean'd my back un - to an aik, I thought it was a

trus - ty tree; But first it bow'd, an' syne it brak: An' sae did my true  
love to me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie  
A little time while it is new;  
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,  
An' fades away like the mornin' dew.  
O wherefore should I busk<sup>2</sup> my heid,  
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
For my true love has me forsook,  
An' says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,  
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me,  
St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,  
Since my true love has forsaken me.  
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
An' shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
O, gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
For o' my life I am wearie.

<sup>1</sup> An exclamation of distress—Alas.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
Nor blawin' snaw's inclemencie;  
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry:  
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.  
When we cam' in by Glasgow toun,  
We were a comely sicht to see;  
My love was clad in the black velvet,  
An' I mysel' in cramasie.<sup>3</sup>

But had I wist, before I kiss'd,  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gold,  
An' pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.  
Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,  
An' set upon the nurse's knee,  
An' I mysel' were dead an' gane,  
An' the green grass growin' over me !

<sup>2</sup> Dress, arrange, adorn.

<sup>3</sup> Crimson.

"O WALY, WALY." In Mr. Robert Chambers' Scottish Songs, there is a Note upon "Waly, waly," from which we give the following passage:—"This beautiful old song has hitherto been supposed to refer to some circumstance in the life of Queen Mary, or at least to some unfortunate love affair which happened at her Court. It is now discovered, from a copy which has been found as forming part of a ballad in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, (published in Motherwell's Minstrelsy, 1827, under the title of "Lord Jamie Douglas,") to have been occasioned by the affecting tale of Lady Barbara Erskine, daughter of John ninth Earl of Mar, and wife of James second Marquis of Douglas. This lady, who was married in 1670, was divorced, or at least expelled from the society of her husband, in consequence of some malignant scandals which a former and disappointed lover, Lowrie of Blackwood, was so base as to insinuate into the ear of the Marquis." Her father took her home, and she never again saw her husband. Her only son died, Earl of Angus, at the battle of Steinkirk.

The air is beautiful and pathetic. It is undoubtedly ancient, though its date cannot be ascertained. The simplicity of the original has been spoilt by several flourishes introduced into it by tasteless and ignorant collectors. M'Gibbon, Oswald, Bremner, and others, have much to answer for in the matter of pseudo-embellishment of our finest old airs. We have removed from "Waly, waly," the absurd trappings hung about its neck by these men.



## WHERE ARE THE JOYS I HAVE MET IN THE MORNING?

AIR, "SAW YE MY FATHER?"

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

*P = 54*

*LENTO,*  
*MA NON TROPPO.*

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the vocal line starting in C major, transitioning to G major, with dynamic markings *mf* and *p*. The second system begins with the lyrics "Where are the joys I have met in the morning, That daneed to the lark's ear - ly song?" and includes a *Legato.* instruction. The third system continues the lyrics "Where is the peace that a - wait - ed my wan - d'ring At eve - ning, the wild woods a - cres." The fourth system concludes the piece.

Where are the joys I have met in the morn - ing, That daneed to the  
*Legato.*  
 lark's ear - ly song ? Where is the peace that a -  
*mf* p  
 wait - ed my wan - d'ring At eve - ning, the wild woods a -  
*cres.* p



The last stanza may be omitted.

No more a-winding the course of yon river,  
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair;  
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,  
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our vallies,  
And grim surly winter is near?  
No, no; the bees humming round the gay roses,  
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,  
Yet long, long too well have I known  
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,  
Is Jenny, fair Jenny, alone.

[Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,  
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow;  
Come then, enamour'd, and fond of my anguish,  
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.]

"WHERE ARE THE JOYS I HAVE MET IN THE MORNING?" The air, "Saw ye my father?" does not appear in any very early musical publication. The old words first appeared in Herd's Collection, 1769. In a letter written in September 1793, to Mr. George Thomson, Burns expresses himself thus:—"‘Saw ye my father’ is one of my greatest favourites. The evening before last, I wandered out, and began a tender song, in what I think is its native style. I must premise that the old way, and the way to give most effect, is to have no starting-note, as the fiddlers call it, but to burst at once into the pathos. Every country girl sings, ‘Saw ye my father,’" &c.

We have adopted this song of Burns' in the present work, and subjoin the old verses for those who may prefer them.

Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mither,  
Or saw ye my true love John?  
I saw nae your father, I saw nae your mither,  
But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, au' the stars gie'e nae light,  
An' the bells they ring ding-dang,  
He's met wi' some delay that causes him to stay,  
But he will be here ere lang.

The surly auld earle did naething but snarl,  
An' Johnny's face it grew red,  
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word replied,  
Till a' were asleep in bed.

The cock proved false, an' untrue he was,  
For he crew an hour owre soon:  
The lassie thocht it day when she sent her love away,  
An' it was but a blink o' the moon.

Then up Johnny rose, an' to the door he goes,  
An' gently tirl'd at the pin,  
The lassie takin' tent, unto the door she went,  
An' she open'd an' lat him in.

An' are ye come at last! an' do I hold you fast!  
An' is my Johnny true?  
I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like myself,  
Sae lang sall I like you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock,  
An' craw when it is day;  
An' your neck shall be like the honnic beaten gold,  
An' your wings of the silver grey.

## O SWEET ARE THY BANKS, BONNIE TWEED!

AIR, "TWEEDSIDE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 63$

ANDANTINO  
AFFETTUOSO.

O sweet are thy banks, bonnie Tweed, An' sweet-er the mays\* wha there  
bide; But sweet-est of a' is the lass Wha hands fast my  
heart on Tweed-side! She's brown as the ha - zel nut ripe; She's

\* Maids,

grace - fu' as young bir - ken tree; Her smile's like the glint o' spring  
dawn, 'Boon a' she is dear - est to me!

I wo'd her when puirtith's cauld hand  
Lay sair on hersel' an' her kin;  
But though I had plenty o' gear,  
She ay said, "My tocher's to win!"

O sweet are thy banks, bonnie Tweed !  
And sweeter the mays wha there bide ;  
But sweetest of a' is the lass  
Wha hands fast my heart on Tweedside !

"TWEEDSIDE." The composer of this old and beautiful Scottish melody is unknown. Some persons, upon no foundation of evidence, have given to David Rizzio the credit of its composition. In the last century, James Oswald, a very unscrupulous man, ascribed several of our Scottish melodies to Rizzio, for the purpose of enhancing the value of his collections of Scottish airs in the eyes of the public. That Oswald frequently passed off his own tunes in private as the compositions of Rizzio, we learn from the following lines of a poem already alluded to in Note, p. 17 :—

"When wilt thou teach our soft AEdian [Edinian?] fair  
To languish at a false Sicilian air ;  
Or when some tender tune compose again,  
And cheat the town wi' David Rizo's name ?"

In some of his publications, however, Oswald did not scruple to claim these airs as his own. In consequence of this double mystification, old airs with the name of Rizzio attached to them came also to be considered as compositions of Oswald; and we are even told by his deceived relatives, (Museum Introduction, p. li.) that "The airs in this volume (second Collection) with the name of David Rizo affixed, are all Oswald's; I state this on the authority of Mrs. Alexander Cumming and my mother—his daughter and sister." Signed, "H. O. Weatherly." That most of these airs were in existence before Oswald was born, can be proved from MSS. and printed works. Besides, Oswald's own compositions want the simplicity of the old airs, and do not rise above mediocrity. Consequently, not even one of them has taken its place among the popular melodies of Scotland.

In Dr. Leyden's MS. Lyra-Viol Book, referred to before in Note, p. 25 of this work, we find (No. 75) a set of "Twide Syde," differing in some respects from the more modern sets, especially in the close. That close, which seems to us more truly Scottish in character, we have given in the present edition; while those who prefer a different close, may adopt either of those given in the symphony and ritornel. These are likewise old, and are much better than the ordinary minuet closes adopted during last century, and which are still allowed to disfigure all modern versions of the air. A set of "Tweedside," differing little from the modern sets of the air, appears in a work of the famous Florentine violinist, F. M. Veracini, pp. 67-69, with variations. This is the first instance we have seen of a Scottish air introduced in the violin solos of any old Italian violinist. The air is not named in Veracini's work, but is merely indicated as "Scozzese," i. e. *Scottish*. This work of Veracini, which is now very rare, is entitled "Sonate Accademiche a violino solo e basso," &c., and is dedicated to the King of Poland. The verses here given were written for this work by a friend of the publishers.

## O PUIRTITH CAULD.

AIR, "I HAD A HORSE."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{F} = 104$

ANDANTE.

O puir - tith<sup>1</sup> cauld, an' rest - less love, Ye wreck my peace be -

tween ye; Yet puir - tith a' I could for - gi'e, An 'twere na for my

Jean - ie. O why should fate sic plea - sure have, Life's dear - est bands un -

twin - ing?      Or why sae sweet a flower as love De - pend on For - tune's

shin-ing?

p      *poco rall.*

This world's wealth when I think on,  
Its pride, an' a' the lave<sup>2</sup> o't;  
Fie, fie on silly coward man,  
That he should be the slave o't.  
O, why should fate, &c.

Her een, sae bonnieblue, betray  
How she repays my passion;  
But prudence is her owerword<sup>3</sup> aye,  
She talks of rank an' fashion.  
O, why should fate, &c.

O, wha can prudence think upon,  
An' sic a lassie by him?  
O, wha can prudeuce think upon,  
An' sac in love as I am?  
O, why should fate, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate!  
He woos his simple dearie;  
The silly bogles,<sup>4</sup> wealth an' state,  
Can never make them eerie.<sup>5</sup>  
O, why should fate, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Poverty.      <sup>2</sup> Rest, remainder.      <sup>3</sup> Any word frequently repeated in conversation or otherwise.      <sup>4</sup> Scarecrow, bugbear.

<sup>5</sup> Affrighted; affected with fear from whatever cause; but generally applied to the feeling inspired by the dread of ghosts or spirits.

"O, PUIRTITH CAULD, AND RESTLESS LOVE." This charming song was written by Burns, and sent to Mr. George Thomson in January 1793. It was adapted to the air given to the comic song "I had a horse, an' I had nae mair," No. 185 of Johnson's Museum. Burns, with his usual tact and musical perception, seized upon the true character of that beautiful air, which is plaintive, and by no means adapted to a comic song. The air appears to be of considerable antiquity. Like several other old Scottish melodies, it begins in a major key, and ends in the nearest relative minor.

Mr. Robert Chambers, in his Scottish Songs, (1829,) says, "I have been informed that Burns wrote this song in consequence of hearing a gentleman (now a respectable citizen of Edinburgh) sing the old homely ditty which gives name to the tune, with an effect which made him regret that such pathetic music should be united to such unsentimental poetry. The meeting, I have been further informed, where this circumstance took place, was held in *Johnnie Dowie's*, in the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh; and there, at a subsequent meeting, the new song was also sung, for the first time, by the same individual."

## O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

AIR, "THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{C} = 132$

MODERATO.

O this is no my ain lassie, Fair tho' the lassie be; O  
weel ken I my ain lassie, Kind love is in her e'e. I see a form, I  
see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fair-est place; It wants to me the witch-in' grace, The

*Da Capo al Segno.*

The succeeding verses begin with the Second Part of the Air, and end with the First Part.

She's bonnie, bloomin', straight, an' tall,  
An' lang has had my heart in thrall ;  
An' aye it charms my very saul,  
The kind love that's in her e'e.  
O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

A thief sae pawkie<sup>1</sup> is my Jean ;  
She'll steal a blink by a' unseeu ;  
But gleg<sup>2</sup> as light are lover's een,  
When kind love is in the e'e.  
O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,  
It may escape the learned clerks ;  
But weel the watchin' lover marks  
The kind love that's in her e'e.  
O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Cunning, sly.

<sup>2</sup> Sharp, ready.

"O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE." In the summer of 1795, Burns wrote these stanzas for Mr. George Thomson's Collection. James Hogg, in his Jacobite Relics, vol. i. pp. 57, 58, gives the old words, and says, p. 224, "The air to which I have set this song is not the original one; but it is the most popular, being always sung both to this song and 'This is no my ain lassie,' by Burns. For my part, I like the old original one much better." Hogg prints the original air on the same page; and his is a better set than the one given in Johnson's Museum, No. 216, where, at the end of the first and second strains, the introduction of the sharp 7th of the tonic spoils the whole character of the air. In the Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 210, Mr. Stenhouse gives what he says is "the original air" of "This is no my ain house," from Mrs. Crockett's book, written in 1709. This is the air, with some modifications found in later copies, which has been adopted in the present work. As a vocal air, it is much preferable to that given by Johnson. We have retained the leap of the 5th in the fourth measure of the first strain, according to the Crockett MS. cited by Mr. Stenhouse.

In the Note, page 33, allusion was made to the unfortunate career of Burns. The following passages from the pen of his talented countryman, Thomas Carlyle, ("Heroes, and Hero-worship.") are given as flowers laid reverently on the tomb of the poet:—"The tragedy of Burns's life is known to all. Surely we may say, if discrepancy between place held and place merited constitute perverseness of lot for a man, no lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those second-hand acting figures, *mimes* for the most part, of the eighteenth century, once rose a giant Original Man; one of those men who reach down into the perennial deeps, who take rank with the heroic among men, and he was born in an Ayrshire hut. The largest soul in all the British lands came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish peasant." (P. 296.) "Burns appeared under every disadvantage: uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing, when it came to that, in a rustic special dialect, known only to a small province of the country he lived in. Had he written even what he did write in the general language of England, I doubt not he had already become universally recognized as being, or capable to be, one of our greatest men. That he should have tempted so many to penetrate through the rough husk of that dialect of his, is proof that there lay something far from common within it. He has gained a certain recognition, and is continuing to do so over all quarters of our wide Saxon world; wheresoever a Saxon dialect is spoken, it begins to be understood, by personal inspection of this and the other, that one of the most considerable Saxon men of the eighteenth century was an Ayrshire peasant, named Robert Burns." (P. 298, third edition, 1846.)

## O LOVE WILL VENTURE IN

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

*f* = 104  
 ANDANTE  
 ESPRESSIVO.

O love will ven - ture in where it daur - na weel be seen; O  
 love will ven - ture in where wis - dom ance has been; But I will doun yon  
 ri - ver rove, a - mang the woods sae green, And a' to pu' a po - sie to my

*poco riten.*

*poco riten.*

colla vocc.

ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstlin' o' the year ;  
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear ;  
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer :—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the buddin' rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,  
 For it's like a haunty kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou' ;  
 The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchangin' blue :—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there ;  
 The daisy's for simplicity, of unaffected air :—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' it's locks o' siller grey,  
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day ;  
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away :—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the c'enin' star is near,  
 And the diamond-draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear ;  
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear :—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,  
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,  
 That to my latest breath o' life the band shall ne'er remove :—  
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

"O LOVE WILL VENTURE IN," &c., was written by Burns for Johnson's Museum. In a letter to Mr. George Thomson, 19th October 1794, Burns says, "The Posie, in the Museum, is my composition; the air was taken down from Mrs. Burns' voice. It is well known in the west country; but the old words are trash." He remarked how closely it resembled, in some passages, the air named "Roslin Castle," which he wrongly imagined that James Oswald had composed. See Note on "Roslin Castle," page 17 of this work. In Cromek's Reliques, Burns gives a specimen of the old song. The following is the first stanza :—

"There was a pretty May,<sup>1</sup> and a milkin' she went,  
 Wi' her red rosy cheeks, and her coal-black hair ;  
 And she has met a young man comin' o'er the bent,<sup>2</sup>  
 With a double and adieu to thee, fair May."

Professor Wilson, comparing "Heliodora's Garland," by Meleager, with "The Posie," by Burns, says, "The Scot surpasses the Greek in poetry as well as passion, his tenderness is more heartfelt, his expression is even more exquisite; for the most consummate art, even when guided by genius, cannot refine and burnish, by repeated polishing, the best selected words, up to the breathing beauty, that, warm from the fount of inspiration, sometimes colours the pure language of nature." See Allan Cunningham's Works of Burns, vol. iv. p. 236.

<sup>1</sup> Maid.

<sup>2</sup> The open field.

## THE BRAES O' BALQUHIDDER.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{P} = 96$

ANIMATO  
E BEN  
MARCATO.

Will ye go, las-sie, go, To the braes o' Balquhidder? Where the bla - ber - ries grow, 'Mang the bon - nie bloomin' heather; Where the deer and the rae, Lightly bound - ing to - ge - ther, Sport the lang summer day

*piu animato.*

quhidder. Will ye go, las-sie, go, To the braes o' Balquhidder? Where the blae - ber - ries

*colla voce.*

grow, 'Mang the bon-nie bloom-in' heather.

I will twine thee a bower  
By the clear siller fountain,  
An' I'll cover it o'er  
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;  
I will range through the wilds,  
An' the deep glens sae dreary,  
An' return wi' their spoils  
To the bower o' my deary.  
Will ye go, &c.

When the rude wintry win'  
Idly raves round our dwellin',  
An' the roar o' the linn  
On the night-breeze is swellin',—

Sae merrily we'll sing,  
As the storm rattles o'er us,  
Till the dear sheeling<sup>1</sup> ring  
Wi' the light liltin' chorus.  
Will ye go, &c.

Now the summer is in prime,  
Wi' the flowers richly bloomin',  
An' the wild mountain thyme  
A' the moorlands perfumin',—  
To our dear native scenes  
Let us journey together,  
Where glad innocence reigns  
'Mang the braes o' Balquhidder.  
Will ye go, &c.

<sup>1</sup> A shepherd's cottage; a hut.

"THE BRAES O' BALQUHIDDER." This song was written by Robert Tannahill, a Paisley weaver, born in that town 3d June 1774. His death occurred on 17th May 1810, by suicide. His biographers assure us that this lamentable act arose from no pressure of poverty: "his means were always above his wants." His constitution was delicate; his temperament shy and morbidly sensitive; his sedentary occupation, and various griefs and disappointments, seem to have produced that mental alienation which clouded the latter days of his brief career. None but those who have well considered the insidious progress of mental alienation, and who truly feel how "fearfully and wonderfully we are made," can bestow a just tribute of pity and sorrow upon the solemn fate of poor Tannahill. Who shall dare to say in his pride, "I am secured from this terrible visitation!" A very celebrated modern poet, in prosperous circumstances, but suffering under great mental depression, declared to a friend that he was determined to drown himself. Fortunately the poet's mind recovered its tone, and he died quietly in his bed. But he *might* have committed suicide, while labouring under that mental depression which seems so frequently to attend the temperament of genius.

In Captain S. Fraser's Collection of Melodies of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, 1816, we find, No. 77, Bochuiddar—Balquhidder—which is the air applied to Tannahill's song, with some slight differences, as found in vol. i. p. 49, of R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel."

## WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

AIR, "THE GYPSIE LADDIE."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 60$

ANDANTE.

AIR, "THE GYPSIE LADDIE."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

rall. A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, He warbled sweet an' clear - ly, An'

aye the o'er - come o' his sang Was "Wae's me for Prince Char - lie!" Oh!

when I heard the bon-nie, bon-nie bird, The tears cam' drap-pin' rare - ly, I

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,  
Is that a sang ye borrow,  
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,  
Or a lilt<sup>1</sup> o' dool an' sorrow ?"  
"Oh ! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,  
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,  
Bnt sic a day o' wind an' rain—  
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

"On hills that are, by right, his ain,  
He roves a lanely stranger,  
On every side he's press'd by want,  
On every side is danger ;  
Yestreen I met him in a glen,  
My heart maist burstit fairly,  
For sadly changed indeed was he—  
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd  
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys,  
An' where was't that your Prince lay down,  
Wha's hame should been a palace ?  
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,  
Which cover'd him but sparely,  
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—  
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !"

But now the bird saw some red coats,  
An' he shook his wings wi' anger,  
"Oh ! this is no a land for me;  
I'll tarry here nae langer !"  
He hover'd on the wing a while  
Ere he departed fairly,  
But weel I mind the farewell strain  
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie !"

<sup>1</sup> *Lilt*—tune.

"WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE." James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in his Second Series of Jacobite Relics, pp. 192, 193, gives this song, and the air, "The Gypsie Laddie." He ascribes the words to "a Mr. William Glen, about Glasgow." It appears that this William Glen was a native of Glasgow, and for some time a manufacturer there, and that he died about 1824, in a state of poverty. He was the author of several other songs and poems. The air is given in Johnson's Museum, No. 181, under the title of "Johnny Faa, or the Gypsie Laddie," to the words of an old ballad beginning, "The gypsies cam' to our Lord's yett." On this Burns observes, that it is the only old song which he could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr. This song is said to have been founded on a romantic adventure in an old Scottish family. Mr. Stenhouse, in his Note upon the song, (vol. ii. p. 175 of Museum,) gives a traditional history of the ballad. Mr. Finlay, in his "Scottish Ballads," Mr. William Dauncy, in his "Ancient Melodies of Scotland," and Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in his "Chrsory Remarks on Scottish Song," all treat the story of Lady Cassillis' elopement as a malicious fiction, and produce proofs of its falsehood. The date of the air is not known, but it appears in the Skene MS. under the name of "Ladie Cassilles lilt;" though the set there given has undergone considerable changes in the hands of modern editors, especially in the second strain.

## MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

**L** = 138  
**ALLEGRETTO**  
**SCHERZO**.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top two staves are for the treble clef voice part, and the bottom four staves are for the bass clef piano accompaniment. The tempo is Allegretto (L = 138). The key signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The vocal line begins with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with the piano providing harmonic support. The vocal part includes several melodic phrases, some with grace notes and slurs, and the piano part features sustained notes and chords.

My love she's but a las - sie yet, A light - some love - ly

las - sie yet; It scarce wad do To sit an' woo Down by the stream sae

glas - sy yet. But there's a braw<sup>1</sup> time com - in' yet, When

She's neither proud nor sauey yet,  
She's neither plump nor gauey<sup>3</sup> yet;  
But just a jinkin',<sup>4</sup>  
Bonnie blinkin',<sup>5</sup>  
Hilty-skilty<sup>6</sup> lassie yet.  
But O her artless smile's mair sweet  
Than hinny or than marmaleete;<sup>7</sup>  
An' right or wrang,  
Ere it he lang,  
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,  
The very breeze that kisses her,  
The flowery beds  
On which she treads,  
Though wae for ane that misses her.  
Then O to meet my lassie yet,  
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;  
For all I see  
Are nougat to me,  
Save her that's but a lassie yet!

1 Fine.

2 Go.

3 Large, expanded.

4 Shyly gamboling; dodging.

5 Looking, or smiling kindly.

6 Thoughtlessly playful.

7 Marmalade.

"MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET." The song given in Johnson's Museum, and written by Burns, with the exception of the three lines which are old, is not exactly suitable to the more fastidious taste of the present day. Therefore, James Hogg's song, with the same title, has been chosen in preference for this work. It was first published in the Edinburgh "Literary Journal," and afterwards in the collection of "Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd," Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1831. It appears that the air to which Hogg's words, and the older words were sung, was also used as a dance-tune, under the name of "Lady Badinscot's Reel." Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., in his Note on No. 225 of Johnson's Museum, says, "The old title of this air was, 'Put up your dagger, Jamie.' The words to this air are in 'Vox Borealis, or the Northern Discoverie, by way of dialogue between Jamie and Willie,' 1641.

"Put up thy dagger, Jamie,  
And all things shall be mended,  
Bishops shall fall, no not at all,  
When the Parliament is ended.  
Which never was intended  
But only for to flam thee,  
We have gotten the game,  
We'll keep the same,  
Put up thy dagger, Jamie.'

"This song," says the author, "was plaid and sung by a fiddler and a fool, retainers of General Ruthven, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, in scorn of the Lords and the Covenanters, for surrendering their strong holds."

## THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

**B** = 108  
**ANDANTE**  
**PASTORALE.**

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the piano, showing bass and treble clefs with various dynamics like *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The second staff is for the vocal part, starting with a piano dynamic. The third and fourth staves are also for the piano. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line:

The winter it is past, and the  
 summer comes at last, And the small birds sing on ev' - ry  
 tree; Now ev' - ry thing is glad, while I am ve - ry sad; For my

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,  
 May have charms for the linnet or the bee ;  
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,  
 But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, that in the sky does run  
 For ever so constant and true ;  
 But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,  
 And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,  
 I pity the pains you endure ;  
 For experience makes me know, that your hearts are full of woe,  
 A woe that no mortal can cure.

"THE WINTER IT IS PAST." Mr. Stenhouse, in his Notes on Johnson's Museum, vol. ii. pp. 187, 188, says that he "has not yet been so fortunate as to discover who was the author of this plaintive pastoral song : but there are several variations between the copy inserted in the Museum, and the following stall edition of the ballad. . . . The plaintive little air to which this song is adapted, is inserted under the same title in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book vii." Mr. Laing, in his Additional Illustrations, id. p. 226, says, "Cromek found the first eight lines of this song among Burns's MSS.; and he published it as a 'Fragment' by the Ayrshire bard, obviously unaware that the entire song had been previously included in the present work." In the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, at his benefit on 24th October 1829, Mr. Braham sang "The winter it is past," with a touching effect that is still remembered by many.

The first eight lines of this song, as given in this work, are taken from the fragment published by Cromek. They contain the alterations made by Burns upon the older song, which are improvements, as will be perceived upon comparing these lines with those given in Johnson's Museum, and here quoted :—

"The winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,  
 And the small birds sing on ev'ry tree ;  
 The hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad,  
 For my lover has parted from me.  
 "The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,  
 May have charms for the linnet or the bee ;  
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,  
 But my lover is parted from me."

The first two lines of the third stanza, as given by Johnson, are so bad that we have adopted in their stead the corresponding lines in R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," which are certainly better than the following doggrel :—

"My love is like the sun, in the firmament does run,  
 For ever is constant and true."

In the edition given by Mr. Stenhouse, above-mentioned, the third stanza is as follows :—

"My love is like the sun,  
 That unwearied doth run,  
 Through the firmament, aye constant and true ;  
 But his is like the moon,  
 That wanders up and down,  
 And is ev'ry month changing anew."

## WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION?

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

*p*

LENTO  
ED ESPRESSIVO.

Will ye

go to the ewe-bughts, Ma - rion, And wear<sup>1</sup> in the sheep wi' me? The

sun shines sweet, my Ma - rion, But nae half sae sweet as

thee! The sun shines sweet, my Ma - rion, But

<sup>1</sup> To gather in with caution.

O Marion's a bonnie lass,  
And the blythe blink's in her e'e;  
And fain wad I marry Marion,  
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters,<sup>2</sup> Marion,  
And silk on your white hause-bane;  
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,  
At e'en, when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,  
Wha gape, and glow'r<sup>3</sup> wi' their e'e,  
At kirk, when they see my Marion;  
But name o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,  
A cow, and a brawny quey;<sup>4</sup>  
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion  
Just on her bridal-day.

And ye'se get a green sey<sup>5</sup> apron,  
And waistcoat o' the London brown;  
And wow but ye will be vap'rin'  
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;  
Name dances like me on the green:  
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins,<sup>6</sup> Marion,  
And kyrtle o' the cramasie;<sup>7</sup>  
And soon as the sun's down, my Marion,  
I shall come west, and see ye.

<sup>2</sup> "At the time when the ladies wore hoops, they also wore finely embroidered garters for exhibition; because, especially in dancing, the hoop often shelfed aside, and exposed the leg to that height."—R. CHAMBERS. (See *Traditions of Edinburgh*, vol. ii. p. 57.)

<sup>3</sup> Stare.      <sup>4</sup> Heifer.      <sup>5</sup> A home-made woollen stuff.      <sup>6</sup> Ornaments of lace, (*fil perlé*, hard twisted thread.)      <sup>7</sup> Crimson.

"WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION?" The song and the air appear to be both old. The song is marked in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* (1724) as an old song with additions. It cannot now be ascertained who wrote the song, or who composed the air; but it seems very evident that the air has been hitherto wrongly given in its notation in all printed copies; and there is no existing ancient MS. containing the air to which we can refer. The printed copies of the air give an unrhythymical melody, not suitable to the beseeching expression of the song. The prominent word and name "Marion," (pronounced as two syllables, "*Maron*,") is associated with short and jerking notes, which, besides being ill suited to the words, throw the melody into an irregular rhythm. In the present edition, the air is reduced to regular rhythm, without changing one of the sounds of the received melody; while it is believed that the original melody is thus restored in its true supplicatory accentuation and emphasis on the word "Marion." Any good singer who tries the present set, will at once perceive the improvement in point of expression and of rhythmical construction. As to this point, we are willing to abide by the opinion of all the best-educated musicians of Europe. That there was extreme carelessness and ignorance on the part of the persons who *noted down* our old Scottish melodies in MS. books, we are prepared to prove from the oldest MSS. of our airs existing. In many cases appears *barring at random*, without the slightest regard to the true rhythm and melodic structure of the airs; and with no indication whatever of the relative duration of the sounds indicated by the letters of the old tablature. In cases of this kind, rational interpretation must be used. It does not follow, that because an air is wrongly noted, or tablatured, by ignorant writers, the air is wrong in its true and original form. This observation applies to MSS. and printed works of much greater importance than any that we allude to as containing wrongly written or printed Scottish airs. In the second volume of Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, (1733,) we find an air under the title of "Will ye go to the ewe-bughts?" which bears a remote resemblance to the generally received air. It is by no means so vocal or melodious as the latter; but it affords another proof of the strange transformations that old Scottish airs have undergone in passing through the hands of different publishers. We have repeatedly alluded to these transformations. The air in the *Orpheus Caledonius* is in a pseudo-major key, while all other sets that we have seen are in a minor key.

## DUNCAN GRAY.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{P} = 72$

ALLEGRETTO  
CON SPIRITO.

Dun - can Gray cam' here to woo,  
Ha, ha, the  
woo - ing o't; On blythe Yule night, when we were fu'<sup>1</sup>,  
Ha, ha, the  
woo - ing o't. Mag - gie coost<sup>2</sup> her head fu'<sup>3</sup> heigh,<sup>4</sup> Look'd a - skleint,<sup>5</sup> and

un - co<sup>6</sup> skeigh,<sup>7</sup> Gart<sup>8</sup> poor Dun - can stand a - beigh;<sup>9</sup> Ha, ha, the  
 woo - ing o't.  
 woo - ing o't.

Duncan fleech'd,<sup>10</sup> and Duncan pray'd,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,<sup>11</sup>  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
 Grat<sup>12</sup> his een baith blear'd<sup>13</sup> and blin',<sup>14</sup>  
 Spak' o' lowpin'<sup>15</sup> o'er a linn,<sup>16</sup>  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Slighted love is sair<sup>17</sup> to bide,<sup>18</sup>  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Shall I, like a fool, quo' he,  
 For a haughty hizzie<sup>19</sup> die?  
 She may gae to—France for me!  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let doctors tell,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Meg grew sick as he grew well,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Something in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief a sigh she brings;  
 And O, her een, they spak' sic things!  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Maggie's was a piteous case,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Duncan couldna be her death,  
 Swelling pity smoor'd<sup>20</sup> his wrath;  
 Now they're crouse<sup>21</sup> and canty<sup>22</sup> baith,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

<sup>1</sup> Tipsy.<sup>2</sup> Cast.<sup>3</sup> Full.<sup>4</sup> High.<sup>5</sup> Askance.<sup>6</sup> Very.<sup>7</sup> Proud; saucy.<sup>8</sup> Made; forced.<sup>9</sup> At a shy distance.<sup>10</sup> Suplicated flatteringly.<sup>11</sup> A remarkably large and lofty rock, rising in the Firth of Clyde, between the coasts of Ayrshire and Kintyre.<sup>12</sup> Wept.<sup>13</sup> Bleared.<sup>14</sup> Blind.<sup>15</sup> Leaping.<sup>16</sup> A waterfall; a precipice.<sup>17</sup> Sore; painful.<sup>18</sup> Bear; endure.<sup>19</sup> A young girl.<sup>20</sup> Smothered.<sup>21</sup> Cheerful.<sup>22</sup> Merry.

"DUNCAN GRAY." "It is generally reported, (says Mr. Stenhouse,) that this lively air was composed by Duncan Gray, a carter or carman in Glasgow, about the beginning of last century, and that the tune was taken down from his whistling it two or three times to a musician in that city. It is inserted both in Macgibbon and Oswald's Collections." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. page 148. The words given in this work are those written by Burns in December 1792.

## THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

AIR, "THE MILL, MILL, O."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 66$

MODERATO.

When wild war's dead - ly blast was blawn, And gen - tle peace re -

turn - ing, Wi' mo - ny a sweet babe fa - ther-less, And mo - ny a wi - dow

mourn - ing: I left the lines and tent - ed field, Where

lang I'd been a lodg - er; My hum - ble knap - sack a' my wealth; A  
 poor and hon - est sodg - er.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,  
 My hands unstain'd wi' plunder ;  
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,  
     I cheery on did wander.  
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
     I thought upon my Nancy ;  
 I thought upon the witchin' smile,  
     That caught my youthful fancy.  
 At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,  
     Where early life I sported ;  
 I pass'd the mill and trystin' thorn,  
     Where Nancy oft I courted.  
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
     Down by her mother's dwelling !  
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
     That in my e'e was swelling.  
 Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,  
     Sweet as you hawthorn's blossom,  
 O! happy, happy may he be,  
     That's dearest to thy bosom !  
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
     And fain wad be thy lodger,  
 I've served my king and country lang :  
     Tak' pity on a sodger.  
 Sae wistfully she gazed on me,  
     And lovelier was than ever ;  
 Quoth she, A sodger ance I loved  
     Forget him will I never !

Our humble cot and hamely fare,  
     Ye freely shall partake it ;  
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
     Ye're welcome for the sake o't !  
 She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—  
     Syne pale as ony lily ;  
 She sank within my arms, and cried,  
     Art thou my ain dear Willie ?  
 By Him who made yon sun and sky,  
     By whom true love's regarded,  
 I am the man ! and thus may still  
     True lovers be rewarded.  
 The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
     And find thee still true-hearted ;  
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
     And mair we'se ne'er be parted.  
 Quoth she, My grandsire left me gowd,  
     A mailin' plenish'd fairly ;  
 Then come, my faithfu' sodger lad,  
     Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.  
 For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
     The farmer ploughs the manor ;  
 But glory is the sodger's prize,  
     The sodger's wealth is honour.  
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
     Nor count him as a stranger :  
 Remember he's his country's stay,  
     In day and hour of danger.

"WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN." This song was written by Burns, in the spring of 1793, to take place of unseemly old verses that used to be sung to the same air. Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in his "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," No. 15, thinks that the song was probably suggested by a casual meeting with "a poor fellow of a sodger," in a little country inn; which Burns mentions in a letter to John Ballantine, Esq. The air is probably much older than the date of Mrs. Crockat's MS., 1709, beyond which Mr. Stenhouse does not trace its antiquity. Gay chose the air for one of his songs in "Polly," printed in 1729.

## AULD ROB MORRIS.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{P} = 80$

Moderato.

There's auld Rob Mor - ris, that wons<sup>1</sup> in yon  
glen, He's the king o' guid<sup>2</sup> fel - lows, and wale<sup>3</sup> o' auld  
men; He has gowd<sup>4</sup> in his cof - fers, he has

ow - sen<sup>5</sup> and kine, And ae bon - nie las - sie, his  
dar - ling and mine.

dim.  
*p*

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;  
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;  
As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,  
And dear to my heart as the light to the e'e.

But O! she's an heiress—auld Robin's a laird,  
And my daddie<sup>6</sup> has nocht but a cot-house and yard;  
A woocr like me maunna<sup>7</sup> hope to come speed;  
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.<sup>8</sup>

The day comes to me, but delight hrings me nane;  
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;  
I wander my lane<sup>9</sup> like a night-troubled ghaist,<sup>10</sup>  
And I sigh as my heart it wad<sup>11</sup> burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,  
I then might ha'e hoped she wad smiled upon me;  
O, how past descriving<sup>12</sup> had then been my bliss,  
As now my distraction no words can express.

<sup>1</sup> Dwells.  
<sup>7</sup> Must not.

<sup>2</sup> Good.  
<sup>8</sup> Death.

<sup>3</sup> Choice.  
<sup>9</sup> Lone.

<sup>4</sup> Gold.  
<sup>10</sup> Ghost.

<sup>5</sup> Oxen.  
<sup>11</sup> Would.

<sup>6</sup> Father.  
<sup>12</sup> Describing.

"AULD ROB MORRIS." This air appears in tablature in the Leyden MS. Lyra-Viol Book, mentioned in the Note page 25 of this work. It differs a little from the sets given by Johnson and others. The set adopted by the arranger for this work is nearly the one given in Watts' Musical Miscellany, 1730. The neglect of the ordinary compass of voices, alluded to in Note page 19, occurs again in this air. The air was published in the Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725, and in Watts' Musical Miscellany, 1730, vol. iii. p. 174, and in Craig's Select Scottish Tunes, printed in the same year. Mr. D. Laing notices the air as occurring in Mr. Blaikie's MS., dated 1692, under the name of "Jock the Laird's Brother." In November 1792, Burns wrote for the air the words here given. The two first lines only belong to the old ballad given in Allan Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 96$

ANDANTE  
A PIACERE.

John An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac -

quent, Your locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - nie brow was

brent;<sup>1</sup> \* But now your brow is beld,<sup>2</sup> John, Your locks are like the

\* Sometimes sung, "But now you're turning auld, John."

snaw, But blessings on your frosty pow, John An - der - son, my  
jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And mony a canty<sup>3</sup> day, John,  
We've had wi' anither;

Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.

<sup>1</sup> High, straight, smooth.

<sup>2</sup> Bald.

<sup>3</sup> Cheerful, happy.

"JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO." In an old MS. written about 1560, and which belonged to Bishop Percy, some stanzas of the old song were preserved: they will be found in the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," vol. ii. It appears, from tradition, that this John Anderson was the town-piper of Kelso, and a remarkable character. The air of "John Anderson, my jo," must be very old. It occurs in the Skene MS.; but the set there given (see No. 7 of Mr. Dauncy's edition of that MS.) differs considerably from the modern sets. In the latter, the first two bars throw the air at once into a minor key, and the next two bars pass to the subtonic of that key; while the former has a remarkable vagueness of key in the first two bars of the melody. This vagueness of modulation in the set given in the Skene MS. savours of some old Romish Church chant, and seems to attest the greater antiquity of that set. Mr. Stenhouse, in his Notes on Johnson's Museum, says that "John Anderson, my jo," is found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book; but it would appear that he had confounded that air with a very different one, "John, come kiss me now," which appears in the Virginal Book, with variations by Bird. Mr. Chappell, in his "Collection of National English Airs," No. 220, gives an air resembling "John Anderson," under the title of "Paul's Steeple," from Playford's "Dancing Master," 1650. Mr. Chappell says, that "another old name for this tune is, 'I am the Duke of Norfolk,'" but mentions nothing of its being found in the Virginal Book. Upon making minute inquiry, we find that in the Virginal Book there is no air under the title of "John Anderson, my jo." The air of "John, come kiss me now," is given by Mr. Chappell (No. 235) as found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and in several old printed collections. It is an air in a major key, and quite different from the air of "John Anderson." In a collection of old Popular Swedish Ballads with the airs, published at Stockholm in 1816, ("Svenska Folkvisor," &c.,) No. I. of the first volume, is a melody in E minor, which, in several passages, reminds us strongly of "John Anderson." The Editor pointed this out to the late William Dauney, Esq., who alludes to the resemblance in his "Dissertation," prefixed to his edition of the Skene Manuscript.

The stanzas written by Burns for Johnson's Museum in 1789, are those which we give to the air. Other additional stanzas have been published; upon which Doctor Currie makes the following just observation:—"Every reader will observe that they are by an inferior hand, and the real author of them ought neither to have given them, nor suffered them to be given to the world, as the production of Burns." It is certainly far short of literary honour and honesty in any man to attempt to pass off, upon public credulity, his own spurious verses as the produce of a great poet. Burns has suffered much injustice of this kind.

## I LO'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

ARRANGED BY A. LAWRIE.

$\text{P} = 63$

ANDANTE.

I lo'e na a lad - die but ane, He lo'es na a las - sie but  
me; He's will - in' to mak' me his ain, And his  
ain I am will - in' to be. He coft<sup>1</sup> me a roke - lay<sup>2</sup> o'

*a piacere.*

true, And I plight-ed my troth yes - treen.



Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,<sup>3</sup>  
Their land, and their lordly degree;  
I carena for ought but my dear,  
For he's ilk<sup>4</sup> thing lordly to me.  
His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!  
His sense drives ilk fear far awa'!  
I listen, poor fool! and I greet;  
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,  
"Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say:  
Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear;  
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
Yet see how he's dwining<sup>5</sup> wi' care;  
Now we, though we've naething but health,  
Are cantic and leal evermair.

"O Menie! the heart that is true,  
Has something mair costly than gear;  
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,  
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.  
Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,  
And tremble for fear ought ye tyne,<sup>6</sup>  
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,  
True love is the gnardian o' mine."

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—  
Wae's me, can I tak' it amiss!  
My laddie's unpractised in guile,  
He's free aye to daut<sup>7</sup> and to kiss!  
Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment  
Your wooers wi' fuisse scorn and strife,  
Play your pranks—I ha'e gi'en my consent,  
And this night I am Jamie's for life.

1 Bought.

2 A short cloak.

3 Riches; goods.

4 Every.

5 Pining away.

6 Lose.

7 Caress.

"I LO'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE." The first stanza of this song, as well as a second which is here omitted, are said, on the authority of Burns, to have been written by the Rev. Mr. Clunie of Borthwick. "In Ritson's Collection, the reader will find the letters J. D. prefixed to the song, which is directed to be sung to the tune of 'Happy Dick Dawson.' If J. D. be the initial letters of the composer's name, Burns must have been misinformed. The four supplementary stanzas, beginning 'Let others brag weel o' their gear,' were composed by Hector Macneill, Esq., before noticed. Mr. Macneill told me this himself. The musical reader will easily observe a striking affinity between the Scots air and the Irish tune called 'My lodging is on the cold ground.'" See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 251. Mr. Stenhouse is quite right as to the resemblance between these two tunes. As we wish to act on the right maxim of giving to every one his due, we have no hesitation in saying that we believe this to be a mere modification of the Irish tune; although it has so long passed current in Scottish Collections as a Scottish air, as to be generally received as part of our national melodic property. Its structure shows it not to belong to ancient Scotland.

The words having been altered by different editors, the original song is given in the Appendix.

## SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

*p* = 60  
MODERATO  
A PIACERE.

Saw ye Johnny comin'? quo' she,  
 Saw ye John-nie com - in'? Saw ye John-nie com - in'? quo' she, Saw ye John-nie  
 com - in'? Wi' his blue bon - net on his head, And his dog - gie rin - nin'; Wi'  
 his blue bon - net on his head, And his dog - gie rin - nin'? quo' she,

And his dog-gie rin - nin'?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
Fee him, father, fee him ;  
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
Fee him, father, fee him ;  
For he is a gallant lad,  
And a weel-doin' ;  
And a' the wark about the house,  
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,  
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, quo' he,  
What will I do wi' him ?  
He's ne'er a sark upon his back—  
And I ha'e name to gi'e him.  
I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,  
And aye o' them I'll gi'e him ;  
And for a merk o' mair fee  
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,  
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
Weel do I lo'e him ;  
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
Weel do I lo'e him.  
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
Fee him, father, fee him ;  
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,  
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,  
And crack wi' me at e'en.

"SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?" "This song, for genuine humour, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old."—*Burns's Reliques*. This observation has been hastily made; for the air, either when played or sung slowly, as it ought to be, is exceedingly pathetic, not lively. Burns afterwards became sensible of this; for, in one of his letters to Thomson, inserted in Currie's edition of his works, he says, "I inclose you Fraser's set of this tune; when he plays it slow, in fact he makes it the language of despair. Were it possible, in singing, to give it half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirable pathetic song. I shall here give you two stanzas in that style, merely to try if it will be any improvement." These stanzas begin "Thou hast left me ever, Jamie," &c. "Mr. Thomas Fraser, to whom Burns alludes, was an intimate acquaintance of the poet, and an excellent musician. He still lives, and is at present (1820) the principal oboe concerto player in Edinburgh, of which city he is a native. His style of playing the melodies of Scotland is peculiarly chaste and masterly." See *Museum Illustrations*, vol. i. pp. 5, 6. The Editor of the present work can speak of the abilities of Thomas Fraser as an excellent oboe player. For him, expressly, were written several solo passages in *Orchestral Symphonies* by the Editor, which were performed at the public Edinburgh "Fund Concerts," &c. Fraser died in 1825.

The following are the two stanzas written by Burns for this air, and sent to Mr. Thomson in September 1793:—

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,  
Thou hast left me ever ;  
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,  
Thou hast left me ever.  
Aften hast thou vow'd that death  
Only should us sever ;  
Now thou's left thy lass for aye—  
I maun see thee never, Jamie,  
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
Thou hast me forsaken ;  
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
Thou hast me forsaken.  
Thon canst love anither jo,  
While my heart is breaking :  
Soon my weary e'en I'll close,  
Never mair to waken, Jamie,  
Ne'er mair to waken.

## HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{L} = 108$

ANDANTINO GRAZIOSO.

Here's a health to a ne I lo'e  
dear, Here's a health to a ne I lo'e dear; Thou art sweet as the smile when  
fond lov - ers meet; And soft as their part - ing tear, Jes - sie! Al - though thou mann ne - ver be

mine, Al - though e - ven hope is de - nied, 'Tis sweet - er for thee de -

spair - ing, Than aught in the world be - side, Jes-sie!

*colla voce. p*

*dim.*

*a piacere.*

I mourn through the gay gaudy day,  
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;  
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie !

I guess by the dear angel smile,  
I guess by the love-rolling e'e ;  
But why urge the tender confession,  
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree?—Jessie !

"HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR." In Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," p. 133, is the following Note:—"This exquisite little song was among the last Burns ever wrote. It was composed in honour of Jessie Lewars, (now Mrs. Thomson of Dumfries,) the sister of a brother exciseman of the poet, and one who has endeared her name to posterity by the affectionate solicitude with which she tended Burns during his last illness." Mr. Stenhouse, in vol. v. p. 371 of Museum, says that the air was communicated by Burns, but is not genuine. Mr. Stenhouse annexes a copy of the music in three-eight time, which he gives as correct, but does not say whence he derived it. The author of the tune is not known. It has little of a Scottish, and still less of an antique character. In Johnson's, and other more recent sets of the air, the rhythm is spoiled by an interpolation, to make it suit the metre of verses written by Burns, which do not correspond with the metre of the Jacobite song as given by Mr. Stenhouse; each stanza of which consists of three lines of eight syllables, and one of seven.

Burns himself strenuously opposed any alterations in national Scottish melodies. In a letter to Mr. Thomson, April 1793, in which he sends the song beginning "Farewell, thou stream that winding flows," he writes thus:—"One hint let me give you—whatever Mr. Pleyel does, let him not alter one *iota* of the original Scottish airs; I mean in the song department; but let our national music preserve its native features. They are, I own, frequently wild and irreducible to the more modern rules; but on that very eccentricity, perhaps, depends a great part of their effect." In his answer to that letter, Mr. Thomson, 26th April 1793, says:—"Pleyel does not alter a single note of the songs. That would be absurd, indeed! With the airs which he introduces into the sonatas, I allow him to take such liberties as he pleases, but that has nothing to do with the songs."

## ORAN AN AOIG; OR, THE SONG OF DEATH.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

$\text{P} = 84$

LENTO ASSAI.

Fare -

well, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, Now gay with the broad setting sun: Fare -

well, loves and friendships, ye dear ten-der ties! Our race of ex-is-tence is run!

Thou grim king of ter-rors, thou life's gloomy foe, Go fright-en the coward and

\* Wherever this passage occurs, the upper notes may be sung, if the voice cannot reach the lower notes of the melody.

slave ! Go teach them to tremble, fell ty - rant! but know No terrors hast thou for the  
brave !

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,  
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name :  
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark !  
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,  
Our king and our country to save ;  
While victory shines on life's last eb'ing sands,  
Oh, who would not die with the brave !

"ORAN AN AOIG ; OR, THE SONG OF DEATH." In a letter addressed to Mrs. Dunlop, dated Ellisland, 17th December 1791, Burns says, "I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of many heroes of his truly illustrious line, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology. Scene—a field of battle. Time of the day—eveing. The wounded and the dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following Song of Death—' Farewell, thou fair day,' &c. The circumstance that gave rise to the foregoing verses, was looking over, with a musical friend, Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs. I was struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled *Oran an Aoig*; or, *The Song of Death*, to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas." In a recent work, entitled "The Romance of War, or the Highlanders in France and Belgium," by James Grant, Esq., late 62d Regiment, we find two very remarkable passages, one of which relates to the air *Oran an Aoig*. We quote from both. Speaking of the Gordon Highlanders, Mr. Grant, in his Preface, says, "Few, few indeed of the old corps are now alive; yet these all remember, with equal pride and sorrow,

‘How, upon bloody Quatre Bras,  
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra  
Of conquest as he fell.’

and, lest any reader may suppose that in these volumes the national enthusiasm of the Highlanders has been over-drawn, I shall state one striking incident which occurred at Waterloo. On the advance of a heavy column of French infantry to attack La Haye Sainte, a number of the Highlanders sang the stirring verses of 'Bruce's Address to his army,' which, at such a time, had a most powerful effect on their comrades; and long may such sentiments animate their representatives, as they are the best incentives to heroism, and to honest emulation." The following passage from the same work, relates to Colonel Cameron abovementioned, and to the air *Oran an Aoig*. Colonel Cameron of Fassifern, mortally wounded, is carried by some of his men and the surgeon to a house in the village of Waterloo, to die. P. 163, *et seq.* Cameron addresses the piper: "Come near me, Macvurich; I would hear the blast of the pipe once more ere I die. Play the ancient Death-Song of the Skye-men; my forefathers have often heard it without shrinking." "Oran an Aoig?" said the piper, raising his drones. The Colonel moved his hand, and Macvurich began to screw the pipes and sound a prelude on the reeds, whose notes, even in this harsh and discordant way, caused the eyes of the Highlander to flash and glare, as it roused the fierce northern spirit in his bosom. "He ordered that strange old tune to be played from the first moment I declared his wound to be mortal," said the surgeon in a low voice. "It is one of the saddest and wildest I ever heard," And thus died the brave Cameron at Waterloo, the last earthly sounds he heard being those of the air *Oran an Aoig*.

## WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

ARRANGED BY H. E. DIEDIN.

$\text{P}^{\cdot} = 80$

CON SPIRITO. { *mf*      *p*      *fz*

The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen, Will soon gar<sup>1</sup> mo - ny fer - lie,<sup>2</sup> For ships o' war ha'e  
*p*      *p*

just come in, And land - ed Roy - al Char - lie! Come through the heather, A - round him gather, Ye're

*cres.*

ad lib.

Char - lie? Come tho' the heather, A - round him gather, Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither, And

x colla voce.

a tempo.

crown him right-fu', law - fu' king, For wha'll be king but Char - lie?

cres. f a tempo. > p.

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,  
Frael John o' Groats to Airly,  
Ha'e to a man declared to stand  
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.  
Come through the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',  
Wi' mony a lord an' laird, ha'e'  
Declared for Scotia's king an' law,  
An' speir<sup>s</sup> ye wha bnt Charlie?  
Come through the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,  
But vows baith late an' early,  
To man sh'e'll ne'er gie heart or hand,  
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.  
Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's a healthb to Charlie's canse,  
An' be't complete an' early,  
His very name our heart's blood warms—  
To arms for Royal Charlie!  
Come through the heather, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Make.<sup>2</sup> Wonder.<sup>3</sup> Ask, inquire.

"WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?" This air was published by Captain Simon Fraser in his "Airs and Melodies peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland and the Isles; Edinburgh, 1816." It is No. 136 of that work, the editor of which gives the following singularly curious Note upon it:—

"No. 136. This is a melody common to Ireland, as well as to the Highlands of Scotland,—but, having been known in this country since the 1745, as one of the incentives of rebellion; if originally Irish, some of the troops or partisans engaged for Charles from that country might have brought it over,—but the melody is simple and beautiful, assimilating itself very much to the style of either."

The author of the words has not been discovered.

We subjoin the following particulars of the memorable landing of Prince Charles Edward:—"On the 19th July 1745, Charles cast anchor in Lochnanuagh, a small arm of the sea, partly dividing the countries of Moidart and Arisaig. . . . Charles came on shore upon the 25th; when the Doutelle, having landed her stores, again set sail for France. He was accompanied by only seven men,—the Marquis of Tullibardine; Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish gentleman who had been tutor to the Prince; Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service; Francis Strickland, an English gentleman; Kelly, an English clergyman; Æneas Macdonald, a banker in Paris, brother to Kinlochmoidart; and one Buchanan, a messenger. He first set foot on Scottish ground at Borodale, a farm belonging to Clanranald, close by the south shore of Lochnanuagh. Borodale is a wild piece of country, forming a kind of mountainous tongue of land betwixt two bays. It was a place suitable, above all others, for the circumstances and designs of the Prince, being remote and inaccessible, and, moreover, the very centre of that country where Charles's secret friends resided. It belongs to a tract of stern mountain land, prodigiously serrated by æstuaries, which lies immediately to the north of the *débouché* of the great Glen of Albyn, now occupied by the Caledonian Canal."—CHAMBERS' *History of the Rebellion of 1745*.

## THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

$\text{P} = 76$

LENTO ASSAI.

The  
weary pund, the weary pund, The weary pund o' tow; I think my wife will  
end her life, Be - fore she spin her tow. I bought my wife a  
stane o' lint, As gude as e'er did grow; And a' that she has made o' that Is

There sat<sup>1</sup> a bottle in a bole,<sup>2</sup>  
Beyont the ingle<sup>3</sup> low;<sup>4</sup>  
And ay she took the tither souk,  
To drouk<sup>5</sup> the stourie<sup>6</sup> tow.  
The weary pund, &c.

Quoth I, For shame, ye dirty dame,  
Gae spin your tap o' tow!  
She took the rock, and wi' a knock,  
She brak it o'er my pow.<sup>7</sup>  
The weary pund, &c.

At last her feet, I sang to see't,  
Gaed<sup>8</sup> foremost o'er the knowe;<sup>9</sup>  
And or I wad<sup>10</sup> anither jad,  
I'll wallop in a tow!<sup>11</sup>  
The weary pund, &c.

<sup>1</sup> In Ayrshire, *sit* is generally used instead of *stand*.  
<sup>2</sup> Dusty.

<sup>3</sup> A recess.

<sup>4</sup> Fire.

<sup>5</sup> Flame.

<sup>6</sup> To moisten

<sup>7</sup> Head.

<sup>8</sup> Went.

<sup>9</sup> Hillock.

<sup>10</sup> E'er I wed.

<sup>11</sup> Dangle in a rope.

"THE WEARY PUND O' TOW." The tune and the title of this song are from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book viii. The verses were written by Burns for Johnson's Museum. There is no trace of the author of the air, which is one of our best modern Scottish airs. Its structure shows it to be *modern*; that is to say, that it is not older than the earlier part of the eighteenth century. (See Appendix.) From the skilful way in which Burns composed verses to Scottish airs, we have long been of opinion that he must not only have had a musical ear, but must have had some practical knowledge of music. On mentioning our opinion to a friend, he confirmed it by facts which we are not at liberty to state, but which we hope he will soon give to the public.

## MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 108$

ANDANTINO.

When o'er the hill the east-ern star Tells bught-in-time<sup>1</sup> is

near, my jo; And ow-sen frae the fur-row'd field Re-turn sae dowf<sup>2</sup> and wea-ry, O;

Down by the burn, where scent-ed birks Wi' dew are hang-ing clear, my jo; I'll

meet thee on the lea-rig, My ain kind dearie, O.  
poco riten.

In mirkest<sup>3</sup> glen, at midnight hour,  
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie,<sup>4</sup> O;  
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie, O!  
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,  
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,  
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;  
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
Along the burn to steer, my jo;  
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' gray,  
It mak's my heart sae cheerie, O,  
To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O.

<sup>1</sup> The hour when the ewes are driven into the pen to be milked.

<sup>2</sup> Dull; exhausted.

<sup>3</sup> Darkest.

<sup>4</sup> Frightened.

"*MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.*" James Oswald published the old melody in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. iii. Its author is not known. It was more anciently called "The lea-rig," from a song beginning,

"I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O;  
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O.  
Although the night were ne'er sae wat,  
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,  
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O."

The words here given to the air were written by Burns in October 1792. It will be seen that he availed himself of the fifth and sixth lines of the old song in his second stanza. In his letter to Mr. Thomson, sending two stanzas of the new song, he says, "Let me tell you, that you are too fastidious in your ideas of songs and ballads. I own that your criticisms are just; the songs you specify in your list have, all but one, the faults you remark in them; but who shall mend the matter? Who shall rise up and say—Go to, I will make a better? For instance, on reading over 'The lea-rig,' I immediately set about trying my hand on it, and, after all, I could make nothing more of it than the following, which, heaven knows, is poor enough."

The following stanzas were written for this air by William Reid, Bookseller, Glasgow. Ferguson's song, of which they were intended to be a continuation, is scarcely fit for insertion here.—

At gloamin', if my lane I he,  
Oh, but I'm wondrous eerie, O :  
And mony a heavy sigh I gi'e,  
When absent frae my dearie, O ;  
But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,  
In ev'nning fair and clearie, O,  
Enraptured, a' my cares I scorn,  
When wi' my kind dearie, O.

Whare through the birks the burnie rows,  
Aft ha'e I sat fu' cheerie, O,  
Upon the bonnie greensward howes,  
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.  
I've courted till I've heard the craw  
Of honest chanticleerie, O,  
Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,  
Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.

For though the night were ne'er sae dark,  
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,  
I'd meet thee on the lea rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O.  
While in this weary wawl of wae,  
This wilderness sae drearie, O,  
What makes me blythe, and keeps me sae?  
'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O !

## LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

AIR, "ROTHIEMURCHUS' RANT."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

**AIR, "ROTHIEMURCHUS' RANT."**

**ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.**

**ALLEGRETTO.**  $\text{P} = 72$

*mf e ben marcato.*

Las - sie wi' the lint-white locks, Bon - nie las - sie, art - less lassie; Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?

Wilt thou be my dear - ie, O? Now na - ture cleads the flow' - ry lea, And a' is young and

sweet like thee; O wilt thou share its joys wi' me? And say thou'l be my dear - ie, O?

Las - sie wi' the lint-white locks; Bon - nie las - sie, art - less lassie; Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?

p

Wilt thou be my dear - ie, O? *marcato.*

The succeeding verses begin at the sign :&

And when the welcome simmer-shower  
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,  
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower  
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.  
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
The weary shearer's hameward way;  
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.  
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

And when the howling wintry blast  
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;  
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,  
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.  
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

"*LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.*" Burns, in a letter to George Thomson, September 1794, makes the following observations:—"I am sensible that my taste in music must be inelegant and vulgar, because people of undisputed and cultivated taste can find no merit in my favourite tunes. Still, because I am cheaply pleased, is that any reason why I should deny myself that pleasure? Many of our strathspeys, ancient and modern, give me most exquisite enjoyment, where you and other judges would probably be showing disgust. For instance, I am just now making verses for 'Rothemurche's Rant,' an air which puts me in raptures; and, in fact, unless I be pleased with the tune, I never can make verses to it. Here I have Clarke on my side, [Stephen Clarke, an Englishman,] who is a judge that I will pit against any of you. 'Rothemurche,'\* he says, 'is an air both original and beautiful;' and on his recommendation, I have taken the first part of the tune for a chorus, and the fourth, or last part, for the song. I am but two stanzas deep in the work, and possibly you may think, and justly, that the poetry is as little worth your attention as the music." The song that Burns here alluded to was "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," which he sent to Mr. Thomson in November 1794

## FOR LACK OF GOLD.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

$\text{P} = 108$

ANDANTE.

For lack of gold she's left me, O! And of all that's dear be - reft me, O! For A - thol's Duke she me for - sook, And to end - less care has left me, O!

A star and gar - ter have more art Than youth, a true and

faith - ful heart; For emp - ty ti - tles we must part; And for ght - t'ring show she's

left me, O!

No cruel fair shall ever move  
My injured heart again to love ;  
Through distant climates I must rove,  
Since Jeanie she has left me, O !

Ye powers above, I to your care  
Commit my lovely, charming fair ;  
Your choicest blessings be her share,  
Though she's for ever left me, O !

"FOR LACK OF GOLD." The author of this song was Adam Austin, M.D., an Edinburgh physician. Notwithstanding his threat in the second stanza of his song, he thought better, and married, on 17th September 1754, Miss Anne Sempill, sister of the Right Honourable Lord Sempill. This lady survived her husband nearly twenty years; Dr. Austin dying 28th November 1774, and his wife 27th November 1793. The lady alluded to in the song was Miss Jean Drummond of Megginch, who jilted the Doctor for James Duke of Atholl, whom she married 7th June 1749. She survived the Duke, and also her second husband, Lord Adam Gordon, and died 22d February 1795. Mr. Sharpe says, "There is a portrait of this fickle Duchess at Abercairney; anything but beautiful." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 153, and 214, 215. As to the air, see Note upon "The brier bush," p. 149 of this work.

## THE MURMUR OF THE MERRY BROOK.

AIR, "THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 116$

Moderato.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the key changing from C major to G major. The vocal line starts with a piano dynamic (p) and continues with eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The lyrics begin with "The mur-mur of the mer-ry brook, As, gush-ing - ly and free, It". The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with lyrics "wim - ples, with its sun - bright look, Far down yon shel - ter'd lea, And hums to ev' - ry". The third system follows, with lyrics "drow - sy flow'r A low quaint lul - la - by, Speaks to my spi - rit, at this hour, Of". The fourth system concludes the piece with "poco rall." and "a tempo." markings.



The rose perks up its blushing cheek,  
So soon as it can see,  
Along the eastern hills, one streak  
Of the sun's majesty :  
Laden with dewy gems, it gleams  
A precious freight to me,  
For each pure drop thereon me seems  
A type of thee.

[And when abroad in summer morn,  
I hear the blythe bold bee  
Winding aloft his tiny horn,  
(An errant knight perdy,

That winged hunter of rare sweets,  
O'er many a far country,  
To me a lay of love repeats,  
Its subject—thee.]

And when, in midnight hour, I note  
The stars so pensively,  
In their mild beauty, onward float  
Through heaven's own silent sea :  
My heart is in their voyaging  
To realms where spirits be,  
But its mate, in such wandering,  
Is ever thee.

[But, oh, the murmur of the brook,  
The music of the tree ;  
The rose with its sweet shamefaced look,  
The booming of the bee ;  
The course of each bright voyager,  
In heaven's unmeasured sea,  
Would not one heart pulse of me stir,  
Loved I not thee !]

The stanzas within brackets may be omitted.

"THE MURMUR OF THE MERRY BROOK." This song was written by William Motherwell, and was published in his Poems, Glasgow, 1832. We have adapted it here to the melody "The brier bush," as the words usually sung to that air are but indifferent. We subjoin them, however, in case they should be preferred to those we have given above. They are an improved version of the original song sent to Johnson's Museum by Burns. For an account of the air, see the next Note.

There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard;  
And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yard :  
Like wee bit white cockaunds for our loyal Hieland lads;  
And the lassies lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail-yard.

But were they a' true that were far awa' ?  
Oh ! were they a' true that were far awa' ?  
They drew up wi' glaiket<sup>1</sup> Englishers at Carlisle ha',  
And forgot auld frien's when far awa'.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft you've been ;  
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athole's Green ;  
Ye lo'ed ower weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',  
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me,  
He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me ;  
A feather in his bonnet, a ribbon at his knee ;  
He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he.

<sup>1</sup> Giddy : thoughtless.

## WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.

AIR, "YON BURN SIDE."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{P} = 116$

Moderato.

We'll meet be - side the dus - ky glen, on yon burn - side, Where the  
bush - es form a co - zie<sup>1</sup> den, on yon burn - side; Tho' the broom - y knowes<sup>2</sup> be  
green, Yet there we may be seen; But we'll meet, we'll meet at e'en, down by  
*colla voce.*



I'll lead thee to the birken bow'r, on yon burn-side,  
Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flow'r, on yon burn-side;  
There the mavis we will hear,  
And the blackbird singin' clear,  
As on my arm ye lean, down by yon burn-side.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burnside;  
Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn-side;  
There fancy smooths her theme,  
By the sweetly murmuring stream,  
And the rock-lodged echoes skim, down by yon burn-side.

Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' gowd, on yon burn-side,  
And gloamin'<sup>3</sup> draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burn-side;  
Far frae the noisy scene,  
I'll through the fields alone ;  
There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean ! down by yon burn-side.

<sup>1</sup> Warm, snug, well sheltered.

<sup>2</sup> Hillocks.

<sup>3</sup> Twilight.

"WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN." This air is another version of "The brier bush," which seems to have been recovered by R. A. Smith. It was published by him in connexion with Tannahill's song, early in the present century. As the poet and the musician were intimately acquainted, the following extracts from a letter of R. A. Smith, (published in "The Harp of Renfrewshire,") may be interesting to the admirers of Tannahill's genius :—

"My first introduction to Tannahill was in consequence of hearing his song, 'Blythe was the time,' sung while it was yet in manuscript. I was so much strnck with the beauty and natural simplicity of the language, that I found means shortly afterwards of being introduced to its author. The acquaintance thus formed, gradually ripened into a warm and steady friendship, that was never interrupted in a single instance till his lamented death." "It was only from his compositions that a stranger could form any estimate of his talents—his appearance indicated no marks of genius—his manner was rather distant, and it was but in company with a few with whom he was very intimate, that his conversation became animated: in a large assembly he appeared to great disadvantage; was quite uneasy, and seldom spoke, except to the person nearest him, if he happened to be an acquaintance."

The older version of "The brier bush," which we have given pp. 148, 149, was first published in the fifth volume of Johnson's Museum, about 1798. Mr. Stenhouse's Note upon the air and song, as given in the Museum, is as follows :—"This song, with the exception of a few lines, which are old, was written by Burns for the Museum. It is accordingly marked with the letter Z, to denote its being an old song with additions. Burns likewise communicated the air to which the words are adapted. It is apparently the progenitor of the improved tune, called 'For the lake of gold she's left me,' to which Dr. Austin's words are adapted, and which the reader will find inserted in the second volume of the Mnseum." See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 432. Whatever part of these verses was written by Burns, is by no means worthy of his pen. Instead of the air communicated by Burns being "the progenitor" of the air called "For the lack of gold," &c., the reverse seems much more probable; since the melody of an old song, "For the lak of gold I lost her, O," is given by Oswald in his "Pocket Companion." The air communicated by Burns seems but an altered fragment of the other; and was, perhaps, picked up by him from the singing of some country girl.

## FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{P} = 84$

MODERATO ED ENERGICO.

Is there, for ho - nest po - ver - ty, That hangs his head, an'

a' that? The cow - ard-slave, we pass him by; We dare be puir, for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that, Our toils ob - scure, an' a' that, The

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddan-grey,<sup>1</sup> an' a' that?  
 Gi'e fools their silks, an' knaves their wine;  
 A man's a man, for a' that;  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that,  
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae puir,  
 Is king o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,<sup>2</sup> ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a cuif,<sup>3</sup> for a' that.  
 For a' that, au' a' that,  
 His ribbon, star, an' a' that,  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A king can mak' a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;  
 But an honest man's abune his might—  
 Gude faith, he maunna fa'<sup>4</sup> that!  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their dignities, an' a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,  
 As come it will, for a' that,  
 That sense an' worth o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree,<sup>5</sup> an' a' that;  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 It's comin' yet, for a' that,  
 That man to man, the warld o'er,  
 Shall brothers be, for a' that.

<sup>1</sup> Cloth used by the peasantry, which has the natural colour of the wool.

<sup>4</sup> Try; attempt; venture. See Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> A young fellow.

<sup>3</sup> A simpleton; a fool.

<sup>5</sup> Pre-eminence; superiority.

"FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT." We have no information regarding the authorship of the air. Burns wrote two songs to it; one for the Museum, in 1789, beginning "Tho' women's minds, like winter winds;" and the other in 1794. The latter is the song we have adopted. Mr. Stenhouse speaks of this song as follows:—"In 1794, Burns wrote the following capital verses to the same air, which were handed about in manuscript a considerable time before they appeared in print. They unfortunately came out at a period when political disputes ran very high, and his enemies did not fail to interpret every sentence of them to his prejudice. That he was the zealous friend of rational and constitutional freedom, will not be denied; but that he entertained principles hostile to the safety of the State, no honest man that knew him will ever venture to maintain. In fact, what happened to Burns, has happened to most men of genius. During times of public commotion, there are always to be found vile and dastardly scoundrels, who, to render themselves favourites with those in power, and push their own selfish views of interest and ambition, are ever ready to calumniate the characters, and misrepresent the motives and actions of their neighbours, however good, innocent, or meritorious." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 284, 285. In other editions, the melody begins with two semiquavers; for these we have substituted a quaver, as more manly and decided, and therefore better suited to the character of the words; and as the accentuation of the first line of the song requires a slight alteration of the melody, we have given the proper notation for it at the end of the air.

## THE BATTLE OF PRESTON.

AIR, "JOHNNIE COPE."

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

**P = 126**

CON SPIRITO  
MA NON  
TROPPO PRESTO.

The blair-in' trum-pet sound-ed far,  
And horse-men rode, weel  
graith'd for war,  
While Sir John Cope march'd frae Dun-bar,  
Up-on a mis-ty  
morn-ing,  
Prinee Char-lie,  
wi' his  
High-land host,  
Lay

1 Accoutr'd.

The close for the first four verses.      For the last verse.  
*p*      dim.

Lang ere the cock proclaim'd it day,  
The Prince's men stood in array ;  
And, thongh impatient for the fray,  
Bent low the knee that morning.  
When *row-dow* roll'd the English drum,  
The Highland bagpipe gi'ed a *bum*,  
And told the mountain Clans had come,  
Grim death and danger scorning.  
  
Ilk hand was firm, ilk heart was true ;  
A shot ! and down their guns they threw ;  
Then forth their dread claymores they drew,  
Upon that fearfu' morning.  
The English raised a loud huzza,  
But durstna bide the brunt ava ;  
They waver'd—turn'd—syne ran awa',  
Like sheep at shepherd's warning.

Fast, fast, their foot and horsemen flew ;  
And caps were mix'd wi' bonnets blue,  
And dirks were wet—but no wi' dew,  
Upon that dreadfu' morning.  
Few stay'd—save ae devoted band—  
To hide the blow frae Highland brand,  
That swept around—and head and hand  
Lopp'd, on that bluidy morning.  
  
What sad mishaps that few befell !  
When faint had grown the battle's yell,  
Still Gardiner fought—and fighting fell,  
Upon that awesome morning !  
Nae braggart—but a sodger he,  
Wha scorn'd wi' eoward loons to flee ;  
Sae fell aneath the auld thorn tree,  
Upon that fatal morning !

"JOHNNIE COPE." "This old air," says Mr. Stenhouse, "which originally consisted of one strain, was formerly adapted to some silly verses of a song, entitled 'Fye to the hills in the morning.' The chorus, or burden of the song, was the first strain repeated an octave higher. An indifferent set of the tune, under the title of 'Johny Cope,' appears in Oswald's Caledonian Poeket Companion, vol. ix." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 219. The verses given to the air in this work are published by permission of their author, Captain Charles Gray, R.M., with his latest alterations. See Appendix for an account of the historical circumstances alluded to by Captain Gray in his clever song.

## WHY SHOULD I, A BRISK YOUNG LASSIE.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

**ALLEGRETTO**  
CON ENERGIA. **p** = 80

The musical score consists of five systems of music for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The tempo is Allegretto con Energia at 80 BPM. The key signature changes between G major (two sharps), B-flat major (one sharp), and D major (no sharps or flats). The vocal line includes lyrics such as "Why should I, a brisk young lassie, Be forced to wed a feck-less<sup>1</sup> auld man? Hoast-in'<sup>2</sup> an' hirp-lin',<sup>3</sup> a la-mi-ter<sup>4</sup> bo-die! I'll die far ra-ther than gie him my han'! Kirk or mar-ket, aye he fol-lows me, Gap-in', glow'rin',<sup>5</sup>" and "Kirk or mar-ket, aye he fol-lows me, Gap-in', glow'rin',<sup>5</sup>". The piano accompaniment features chords and rhythmic patterns corresponding to the vocal line. Measure numbers 1 through 12 are indicated above the vocal line.

<sup>1</sup> Feeble.<sup>6</sup> Execute.<sup>2</sup> Coughing.<sup>7</sup> Chimney-corner; fireside.<sup>3</sup> Limping.<sup>4</sup> Cripple.<sup>8</sup> Talking foolishly.<sup>5</sup> Staring.<sup>9</sup> Deafen.

"WHY SHOULD I, A BRISK YOUNG LASSIE." The air is No. 48 of Mr. Dauney's edition of the Skene MS., and bears the title, "I will not goe to my bed till I suld dic." The air is spirited, and worth reviving; and the only liberty taken with it has been to reduce the extreme instrumental leaps in the Skene MS. to a vocal condition. The old words being lost, the verses here given to the air were written by a friend of the Publishers. The old title suggested the present verses. With regard to the irregularity of the rhythm, or rather metre, in these stanzas, the writer quotes thus from Moore:—"In the Preface to the fifth volume of 'The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore,' collected by himself, 1841, the following passage occurs:—'Those occasional breaches of the laws of rhythm, which the task of adapting words to airs demands of the poet, though very frequently one of the happiest results of his skill, become blemishes when the verse is separated from the melody, and require, to justify them, the presence of the music to whose wildness or sweetness the sacrifice had been made. In a preceding page of this preface, I have mentioned a Treatise by the late Rev. Mr. Crowe, on English versification; and I remember his telling me, in reference to the point I have just touched upon, that, should another edition of that work be called for, he meant to produce, as examples of new and anomalous forms of versification, the following songs from the Irish Melodies, 'Oh the days are gone when beauty bright,' 'At the dead hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly,' and, 'Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way.''"

In addition to Mr. Moore's remarks, allusion may be made to the irregular versification of the ancient Latin ballad-mongers—reciters and singers of Ballistea, whence our term Ballad—and even to the Latin hymns of the earlier Christian poets. We may also refer, *passim*, to the remarkable and now very scarce work on Music, written in Latin by the blind Spanish Professor of Music at Salamanca, Francis Salinas, and published there in 1577; especially to a passage in that work, page 356, where he gives a specimen of singular Spanish versification, together with the music sung to it. The words are "Perricos de mi señora, No me mordades agora." On this he makes the following observation—we translate:—"I have not found versification of this kind among either the Greeks or the Latins; nor do I think it is to be found among the French or the Italians. But it is credible that it was introduced among the Spaniards—together with many other customs and words and songs—by the Arabians, after they took possession of Spain, which they occupied for more than seven hundred years."



## APPENDIX.

UNNER this head we purpose giving—1st, Additional observations upon the Songs and Melodies contained in this volume; 2d, The old songs which have been superseded in the text by modern verses; 3d, Additional modern songs to a few of the airs: and 4th, Two or three of the old airs mentioned in the Notes.

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### "THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST."—Pp. 2, 3.

"By the 'Forest' in this song, and in ancient Scottish story, is not meant the forest or the woods generally, but that district of Scotland anciently, and sometimes still, called by the name of THE FOREST. This district comprehended the whole of Selkirkshire, with a considerable portion of Peebles-shire, and even of Clydesdale. It was a favourite resort of the Scottish kings and nobles for hunting. The Forest boasted the best archers, and perhaps the finest men in Scotland. At the battle of Falkirk, in 1298, the men of the Forest were distinguished, we are told, from the other slain, by their superior stature and beauty."—CHAMBERS' *Scottish Songs*.

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### "GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA."—Pp. 6, 7.

IN a little work called "The Harp of Renfrewshire," Paisley, 1819, we find the following account of the origin of this song, and also of some of the peculiarities of its author, Robert Tannahill. It forms a portion of a letter written by R. A. Smith, (the composer of "Jessie, the flower of Dumblane," and other Scottish melodies,) who was an intimate friend of the poet:—

"He (Tannahill) was particularly averse to enter the company of people above his own station of life; as an instance of this, I shall relate one little anecdote.

"Miss —— of —— was particularly fond of the Scottish melody, 'Lord Balgownie's favourite,' and had expressed a wish to see it united to good poetry. I accordingly applied to my friend, who produced his song, 'Gloomy winter's now awa,' in a few days. As soon as I had arranged the air, with symphonies and accompaniment for the piano-forte, I waited on the lady, who was much delighted with the verses, and begged of me to invite the author to take a walk with me to the house at any leisure time. I knew that it would be almost impossible to prevail on Robert to allow himself to be introduced by fair means, so, for once, I made use of the only alternative in my power, by beguiling him thither during our first Saturday's ramble, under the pretence of being obliged to call with some music I had with me for the ladies. This, however, could not be effected, till I had promised not to make him known, in case any of the family came to the door; but how great was his astonishment when Miss —— came forward to invite him into the house by name; I shall never forget the awkwardness with which he accompanied us to the music room. He sat as it were quite petrified, till the magic of the music, and the great affability of the ladies, reconciled him to his situation. In a short time Mr. —— came in, was introduced to his visitor in due form, and with that goodness of heart and simplicity of manner, for which he is so deservedly esteemed by all who have the pleasure of knowing him, chatted with his guest till near dinner time, when Robert again became terribly uneasy, as Mr. —— insisted on our staying to dine with the family. Many a rueful look was cast to me, and many an excuse was made to get away, but alas! there was no escaping with a good grace; and finding that I was little inclined to understand his signals, the kind request was at length reluctantly complied with. . . . After a cheerful glass or two, the restraint he was under gradually wore away, and he became tolerably communicative. I believe that when we left the mansion, the poet entertained very different sentiments from those with which he had entered it. He had formed an opinion that nothing, save distant pride and cold formality, was to be met with from people in the higher walks of life, but on experiencing the very reverse of his imaginings, he was quite delighted, and when Mr. ——'s name happened to be mentioned in his hearing afterwards, it generally called forth expressions of respect and admiration. 'Gloomy winter's now awa,' became a very popular song, and was the reigning favourite in Edinburgh for a considerable time."

The following clever song to the same air, was written, in his early days, by Captain Charles Gray, R. M. It is here published by the permission, and with the latest corrections of the author:—

When the sun o'er Kelly-law  
Lets the c'enin' shadows fu',  
And the winds ha'e died awa'.  
I wander forth fu' cheerie, O.

Parted clouds ascend the sky,  
Deeply dipt in Nature's dye;  
To their nests the songsters fly,  
'Mang bushes thick and briery, O.

Then the twinklin' star of May\*  
 Lights the seaman on his way;  
 So the hour o' gloamin' grey,  
     Lights me to my loved dearie, O.  
 When the blast o' winter chill  
 Blaws the drift o'er Renny-hill,  
 Snawy wreathes the hollows fill,  
     And ilk a thing looks drearie, O.

Bare and leafless, Airdry woods,  
 Ravin' wi' the angry thuds,  
 Toss their branches to the cluds,  
     Wi' sugh fu' sad and eerie, O.  
 Winter ! blaw thy wildest blast—  
 Be the sky wi' cluds o'ercast;  
 Let me clasp her at the last,  
     My fond, my faithfu' dearie, O !

"BIDE YE YET."—Pp. 14, 15.

THE following are the verses referred to in the Note upon this air. The authoress, Miss Jenny Graham, was born in 1724, at Shaw, in the small but picturesque valley of Dryfe. The estate, which has been in the possession of the family for several centuries, was inherited by the descendants of Sir Nicol Graham, who married Mary, (the white lady of Avenel,) the daughter and heiress of Robert of Avenel. Miss Graham resided a considerable time in Dumfries, where she was a universal favourite, on account of her sprightly conversation and constant good humour. She died in Edinburgh, in April 1805, aged eighty-two. A more detailed notice of her, by C. K. Sharpe, Esq., will be found in the illustration to Johnson's Museum, vol. i. p. 141, *et seq.*

THE WAYWARD WIFE.

Alas ! my son, you little know  
 The sorrows that from wedlock flow ;  
 Farewell to every day of ease,  
 When you have got a wife to please.  
     Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,  
     Ye little ken what's to bide you yet ;  
     The half of that will game you yet,  
     If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

Your ain experience is but small,  
 As yet you've met with little thrall ;  
 The black cow on your foot ne'er trode,  
 Which gars you sing alang the road.  
     Sae bide you yet, &c.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,  
 Or some piece of the spinning wheel,  
 She'll drive at you, my bonnie chiel,  
 And send you headlangs to the de'il.  
     Sae bide you yet, &c.

When I, like you, was young and free,  
 I valued not the proudest she,  
 Like you, I vainly boasted then,  
 That men alone were born to reign.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

Great Hercules, and Samson, too,  
 Were stronger men than I or you,  
 Yet they were baffled by their dears,  
 And felt the distaff and the sheers.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,  
 Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon balls ;  
 But nought is found by sea or land,  
 That can a wayward wife withstand.

Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,  
 Ye little ken what's to bide you yet ;  
 The half of that will game you yet,  
 If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

"MY LOVE'S IN GERMANY."—Pp. 28, 29.

IN the version of this air which we have inserted in the text, the major seventh G sharp occurs several times; in this respect we have followed Johnson's Museum, the oldest authority for the air. We are aware that some singers prefer the minor seventh G natural, a note which certainly agrees with the old Scottish tonality, but sounds rather uncouth to ears that have been accustomed to the sharp. We leave every singer to choose his own version according to taste, seeing that while the old tonality supports one note, the oldest printed authority adheres to the other.

"BUSK YE, BUSK YE."—Pp. 38, 39.

FROM want of space we were obliged to omit a large portion of this ballad in the body of the work; we now give a complete copy of it :—

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

A. "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride !  
     Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !  
     Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,  
     And think nae mair of the braes of Yarrow."

B. "Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride ?  
     Where gat ye that winsome marrow ?"  
     A. "I gat her where I daurna weel be seen,  
         Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

\* The Isle of May, on which there is a light-house. It will be perceived that the scenery of this little descriptive song lies on the east of Fife, of which the author is a native.

- “Weip not, weip not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,  
Weip not, weip not, my winsome marrow !  
Nor let thy heart lament to leive  
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.”
- B. “Why does she weip, thy bonnie, bonnie bride ?  
Why does she weip, thy winsome marrow ?  
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen,  
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow ?”
- A. “Lang maun she weip, lang, lang maun she weip,  
Lang maun she weep wi’ dule and sorrow,  
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen,  
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.
- “For she has tint her louver deir,  
Her louver deir, the cause of sorrow ;  
And I ha’e slain the comeliest swain  
That e'er pu’d birks on the braes of Yarrow.
- “Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, red ?  
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow ?  
And why yon melancholious weids,  
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow ?
- “What’s yonder floats on the rueful flude ?  
What’s yonder floats ?—Oh, dule and sorrow !  
‘Tis he, the comely swain I slew  
Upon the dulefu’ braes of Yarrow !
- “Wash, oh, wash his wounds in tears,  
His wounds in tears o’ dule and sorrow ,  
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,  
And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.
- “Then build, then build, ye sisters sad,  
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi’ sorrow ;  
And weip around, in waefu’ wise,  
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow !
- “Curse ye, curse ye, his useless shield,  
The arm that wrocht the deed of sorrow,  
The fatal spear that pierced his breist,  
His comely breist, on the braes of Yarrow !
- “Did I not warn thee not to love,  
And warn from fight ? But, to my sorrow,  
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met’st,  
Thou met’st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.
- “Sweit smells the birk ; green grows the grass ;  
Yellow on Yarrow’s braes the gowan ;  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock ;  
Sweit the wave of Yarrow flowin’ !
- “Flows Yarrow sweat ? as sweit flows Tweed ;  
As green its grass ; its gowan as yellow ;  
As sweit smells on its braes the birk ;  
The apple from its rocks as mellow !
- “Fair was thy love ! fair, fair, indeed, thy love !  
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter ;  
Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,  
Than me he never loved thee better.
- “Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride !  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !  
Busk ye, and lo’e me on the banks of Tweed,  
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.”

- C. “How can I busk a bounie, bonnie bride ?  
How can I busk a winsome marrow ?  
How can I lo’e him on the banks of Tweed,  
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow ?
- “Oh, Yarrow fields, may never rain  
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover !  
For there was basely slain my love,  
My love, as he had not been a lover.
- “The boy put on his robes of green,  
His purple vest—’twas my ain sewin’ ;  
Ah, wretched me ! I little, little kenn’d  
He was in these to meet his ruin.
- “The boy took out his milk-white steed,  
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow :  
But, ere the too-fa’ of the niebt,  
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow !
- “Much I rejoiced, that waefu’ day ;  
I sang, my voice the woods returning ;  
But, lang ere nicht, the spear was flown  
That slew my love, and left me mourning.
- “What can my barbarous father do,  
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?  
My lover’s blude is on thy spear—  
How canst thou, barbarous man, then, woo me ?
- “My happy sisters may be proud,  
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,  
May bid me seek, on Yarrow braes,  
My lover nailed in his coffin.
- “My brother Douglas may upbraid,  
And strive, with threat’ning words, to move me ;  
My lover’s blude is on thy spear—  
How canst thou ever bid me love thee ?
- “Yes, yes, prepare the bed of love !  
With bridal sheets my body cover !  
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door !  
Let in th’ expected husband-lover !
- “But who the expected husband is ?  
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter !  
Ah, me ! what ghastly spectre’s yon,  
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?
- “Pale as he is, here lay him down ;  
O lay his cold head on my pillow !  
Take off, take off these bridal weids,  
And crown my careful head with willow.
- “Pale though thou art, yet best beloved,  
Oh, could my warmth to life restore thee !  
Yet lie all night between my breasts—  
No youth lay ever there before thee !
- “Pale, pale, indeed, oh lovely youth,  
Forgive; forgive so foul a slaughter,  
And lie all night between my breasts,  
No youth shall ever lie there after !”
- A. “Return, return, O mournful bride !  
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow !  
Thy lover heids nocht of thy sighs ;  
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.”

In our Note upon this song, we referred to an air in the Leyden MS. called "The lady's gounne;" as it is evidently the original of "The braes of Yarrow," we subjoin it here for the satisfaction of the curious in ancient melody:—



We may remark, that in these old Tablatures, where there is often no indication of time or measure, or duration of notes, a translation must be, in a great degree, conjectural, and will task to the utmost the ingenuity of the ablest musician.

"TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE."—Pp. 44, 45.

THE excellent song which we give below is quoted by Ritson from a MS. in the British Museum of the age of Charles I. No air of its own has been discovered for it; but both the measure and the recitative style of the song are well suited to "Tak' your auld cloak about ye."

Get up, gudewife, don on your claise,  
And to the market mak' you boune:  
'Tis lang time siu' your neebors rase;  
They're weel nigh gotten into the toune.  
See ye don on your better gounne,  
And gar the lasse big on the fyre.  
Dame, do not look as ye wad frownie,  
But doe the thing whilk I desyre.  
  
I spier what haste ye ha'e, gudeman!  
Your mother staid till ye war born;  
Wad ye be at the tober can,  
To scoure your throat sae sune this morne?  
Gude faith, I haud it, but a scorne,  
That ye suld with my rising mell;  
For when ye have baith said and sworne,  
I'll do but what I like mysel'.  
  
Gudewife, we maun needs have a care,  
Sae lang's we wonnie in neebor's rawe,  
O' neeborheid to tak' a share,  
And rise up when the cock does crawe;  
For I have heard an auld said sawe,  
"They that rise last big on the fyre."  
What wind or weather so ever blaw,  
Dame, do the thing whilk I desyre.  
  
Nay, what do ye talk of neehorheid?  
Gif I lig in my bed till noone,  
By nae man's shins I bake my breid,  
And ye need not reck what I have done.  
Nay, look to the clooting o' your shooone,  
And with my rising do not mell;  
For, gin ye lig baith sheets abune,  
I'll do but what I will mysel'.  
  
Gudewife, we maun needs tak' a care  
To save the geare that we ha'e won;  
Or lye away baith plow and car,  
And hang up Ring<sup>2</sup> when a' is done.

Then may our bairns a-begging run,  
To seek their mister<sup>3</sup> in the myre.  
Sae fair a thread as we ha'e won!  
Dame, do the thing whilk I require.  
  
Gudeman, ye may weel a-begging gang,  
Ye seem sae weel to bear the pocke;  
Ye may as weel gang sune as syne,  
To seek your meat amang gude folke.  
In ilka house ye'll get a locke,  
When ye come whar your gossips dwell.  
Nay, lo you luik sae like a gowke,  
I'll do but what I list mysel'.  
  
Gudewife, you promised, when we were wed,  
That ye me truly wad obey;  
Mess John can witness what you said,  
And I'll go fetch him in this day:  
And, gif that haly man will say,  
Ye's do the thing that I desyre,  
Then sall we sune end up this fray,  
And ye sall do what I require.  
  
I nowther care for John nor Jackie—  
I'll take my pleasure at my ease;  
I care not what you say a placke—  
Ye may go fetch him gin ye please.  
And, gin ye want ane of a mace,  
Ye may e'en gae fetch the del fra helle,  
I wad you wad let your japin cease,  
For I'll do but what I like mysel'.  
  
Well, sin' it will nae better be,  
I'll tak' my share or a' be gane:  
The warst card in my hand sall flee,  
And, i' faith, I wait I cau shifte for ane.  
I'll sell the plow, and lay to wadd the waine,  
And the greatest spender sall beare the bell:  
And then, when all the gudes are gane,  
Dame, do the thing ye list yourself'.

<sup>1</sup> Meddle.

<sup>2</sup> The dog.

<sup>3</sup> Means of livelihood.

## “THE BROOM O’ THE COWDENKNOWES.”—Pp. 56, 57.

We here give the old words to this air, which were displaced from the text to make way for the excellent verses by Mr. Gilfillan. They were originally published in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, with the initials S. R. attached to them; the author’s name, however, has not hitherto been discovered. The words to which the tune was originally adapted have been lost, with the exception of the burden or chorus—

“ O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,  
The broom o’ the Cowdenknowes;  
I wish I were at hame again,  
Milking my daddy’s ewes.”

How blythe ilk morn was I to see  
My swain come o’er the hill!  
He skipt the burn, and flew to me,  
I met him wi’ good will.  
O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,  
The broom of the Cowdenknowes!  
I wish I were wi’ my dear swain,  
Wi’ his pipe, and my ewes.  
  
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
While his flocks near me lay;  
He gather’d in my sheep at night,  
And cheer’d me a’ the day.  
. O, the broom, &c.  
  
He tuned his pipe and reed sae sweet,  
The birds sat list’ning by;  
Ev’n the dull cattle stood and gazed,  
Charm’d wi’ his melody.  
O, the broom, &c.  
  
While thus we spent our time by turns,  
Betwixt our flocks and play,  
I envied not the fairest dame,  
Though e’er so rich and gay.  
O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I should banish’d be,  
Gang heavily, and mourn,  
Because I loved the kindest swain  
That ever yet was born.  
O, the broom, &c.  
  
He did oblige me every hour;  
Could I but faithfu’ be?  
He staw my heart; could I refuse  
Whate’er he ask’d of me?  
O, the broom, &c.  
  
My doggie, and my little kit,  
That held my wee soup whey,  
My plaidie, broach, and crooked stick,  
Maun now lie useless by.  
O, the broom, &c.  
  
Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu!  
Fareweel a’ pleasures there!  
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,  
It’s a’ I crave or care.  
O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,  
The broom of the Cowdenknowes!  
I wish I were wi’ my dear swain,  
Wi’ his pipe, and my ewes.

## “ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN.”—Pp. 58, 59.

THE old song to this air is full of humour, and though it has been banished from the drawing-room, is still welcome at the “ingle-side.” Referring to it, Burus says, “This blythesome song, so full of Scottish humour and convivial merriment, is an intimate favourite at bridal-trystes and house-heatings. It contains a spirited picture of a country ale-house, touched off with all the lightsome gaiety so peculiar to the rural muse of Scotland.”

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,  
Blythe was she but and ben;  
Weel she loo’d a Hawick gill,  
And leuch to see a tappit hen.  
She took me in, she set me doun,  
And hecht to keep me lawin’-free;  
But, cunning carline that she was,  
She gart me birlie my bawbee.  
  
We loo’d the liquor weel cueuch;  
But, wae’s my heart, my cash was done,  
Before that I had quench’d my drouth,  
And laith was I to pawn my shoon.  
When we had three times toom’d our stoup.  
And the neist chappin new begun,  
In startit, to heeze np our hope,  
. Young Andro, wi’ his cutty gun.

The carline brocht her kebbuck ben,  
Wi’ girdle-cakes weel-toasted brown;—  
Weel does the canny kimmer ken,  
They gar the seuds gae glibber doun.  
We ca’d the bicker aft about,  
Till dawnin’ we ne’er jee’d our buu,  
And aye the cleanest drinker out  
Was Andro wi’ his cutty gun.  
  
He did like ony mavis sing;  
And, as I in his oxter sat,  
He ca’d me aye his bonnie thing,  
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.  
I hae been east, I hae been west,  
I hae been far ayont the sun;  
But the blythest lad that e’er I saw,  
Was Andro wi’ his cutty gun.

## “LOGAN WATER.”—Pp. 70, 71.

BURNS does not appear to have known more than two lines of Mayne's song to this air, and these he incorporated in his own song, which he sent to Mr. George Thomson, 25th June 1793, with the following observations :—

“Have you ever, my dear Sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day I recollect the air of ‘Logan Water,’ and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done anything at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three-quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow-chair, ought to have some merit :—

“O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,  
That day I was my Willie's bride!  
And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,  
Like Logan to the simmer sun.  
But now thy flow'ry banks appear  
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

“Again the merry month o' May  
Has made our hills and valleys gay;  
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:  
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,  
And evening's tears are tears of joy:  
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,  
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;  
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,  
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:  
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,  
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

“O wae upon you, men o' state,  
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!  
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,  
Sae may it on your heads return!  
How can your flinty hearts enjoy  
The widow's tears, the orphan's ery?  
But soon may peace bring happy days  
And Willie hame to Logan braes!”

As the term Tonality, used several times in the Note to this and other airs, may not be understood by many persons, the following explanation is given. It was written by the Editor of this work for the seventh edition of the “Encyclopaedia Britannica.”

“TONALITY, in Music, (Ital. *tonalità*, Fr. *tonalité*), a modern term introduced to designate the existence of differences among various musical modes, ancient and modern, and among the elements of melodies and harmonies founded upon these modes. See Music, pp. 611, 612, and pp. 61-68 of Appendix to Graham's Essay on Musical Composition. Peculiarities of tonality among different nations may be accounted for by particularities in the construction of musical instruments, (see MUSIC and TRUMPET,) or by particularities in intonation adopted by vocal performers, and consecrated by that mighty power, custom, which rules and moulds so many of human feelings, opinions, and actions. G. A. Villoteau, a professional musician, appointed by Napoleon to collect musical information in the expedition to Egypt, states that our modern scale of C major was a complete stumbling-block to the oriental musicians. He says, ‘J'ai eu l'occasion de m'en convaincre moi-même en Egypte, en essayant de la faire chanter à des musiciens Grecs, Egyptiens ou Arabes, Ethiopiens, Persans, Arméniens et Syriens; et vraiment les grimaces et les contortions qu' étoient obligés de faire ces bons gens pour atteindre avec la voix jusqu' à notre Si naturel (B natural) qu'ils s'efforçaient cependant, et de la meilleure foi du monde, d'entonner, mais toujours sans succès, me paraissaient si singulièrement risibles, que je crois qu'il m'auroit été impossible de les regarder de sang-froid, si le motif qui me déterminoit à faire cette expérience n'eût occupé alors toute mon attention.’ See also his paper on the state of music in Egypt, in the great French work, *Description de l'Egypte*, where he gives a curious account of his studies under an Arabian musician at Cairo, and the great disagreement between the European and oriental tonalities. In the same work he gives some remarkable specimens of oriental music. The establishment of one major and one minor scale in Europe may be dated about two centuries ago. Before that time, the system of tonality was founded upon the church tones or modes; and the harmony employed consisted of common chords with an occasional chord of  $\frac{6}{3}$ . About the end of the sixteenth, and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, Claudio Monteverde, a musician of the Venetian school, began to employ a system of harmony different from the old. He used the minor 5th, the major 4th, the minor 7th, the 9th, and also even double dissonances, unprepared; but his application of the chord of  $\frac{5}{3}$  to the dominant of the key, was the most important of his innovations, as it led to the abandonment of the old ecclesiastical tonalities and harmonies, and the rapid establishment of the modern European tonality and harmony. From Monteverde's discoveries arose diminished and augmented intervals and chords, what is called chromatic music, and melodic and harmonic modulation. The majority of modern musicians who have attempted to harmonize ancient European melodies, seem to have been ignorant of the marked distinctions between ancient and modern tonalities in Europe, and of the fact that most of these airs are constructed upon tonalities to which modern harmony, which depends upon a newer system of tonality, cannot be continuously applied. See the Essay on Composition above cited, pp. 68, 69, of Appendix.”

## “HEY, TUTTIE TATTIE.”—Pp. 78, 79.

In a MS. 4to volume, preserved in the British Museum, belonging to the latter part of the fifteenth, or beginning of the sixteenth century, and containing ancient English songs for two, three, and four voices, there is an air set to the words, “ This day, day dawes, this gentill day dawes, and I must home gone.” It is written in square and lozenge-shaped notes, partly in black and partly in red ink. From the absence of bar-lines, as well as from the incorrect mode in which music was noted in that age, it is somewhat difficult to make anything comprehensible out of it; but it is at once quite evident that the air, if air it can be called, bears no resemblance to “ Hey, tuttie tattie.” See Note, p. 79.

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## “ALAS! THAT I CAM’ O’ER THE MUIR.”—Pp. 88, 89.

ALTHOUGH Allan Ramsay’s verses to this air are but indifferent, still many may wish to read a song which was long popular; we accordingly insert it here.

The last time I cam’ owre the muir,  
I left my love behind me;  
Ye powers, what pains do I endure  
When soft ideas mind me!  
Soon as the ruddy morn display’d  
The heaming day ensuing,  
I met betimes my lovely maid,  
In fit retreats for wooing.  
  
We stray’d beside you wand’ring stream,  
And talk’d with hearts o’erflowing;  
Until the sun’s last setting beam  
Was in the ocean glowing.  
I pitied all beneath the skies,  
Even kings, when she was nigh me;  
In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
Which could but ill deny me.  
  
Should I be call’d where cannons roar,  
Where mortal steel may wound me,  
Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
Where dangers may surround me;

Yet hopes again to see my love,  
To feast on glowing kisses,  
Shall make my cares at distance move,  
In prospect of such blisses.  
  
In all my soul there’s not one place  
To let a rival enter:  
Since she excels in ev’ry grace,  
In her my love shall centre.  
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
Their waves the Alps shall cover,  
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,  
Before I cease to love her.  
  
The neist time I gang ower the muir,  
She shall a lover find me;  
And that my faith is firm and pure,  
Though I left her behind me;  
Then Hymen’s sacred bonds shall chain  
My heart to her fair bosom;  
There, while my being does remain,  
My love more fresh shall blossom.

## “CA’ THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.”—Pp. 94, 95.

The original verses to this air are said, in several collections of Scottish Songs, to have been written by Isabel, or Tibbie Pagan, a strange dissipated creature, who spent most of her days in the neighbourhood of Muirkirk, subsisting chiefly by retailing whisky without a license. Captain Charles Gray, who has made much research into the subject of Scottish songs, and their writers, is of opinion that this is altogether incorrect. He writes to us as follows:—

“It will be seen from Mr. Stenhouse’s Note upon this song, (Museum, vol. iii. p. 284,) that, saving the chorus, it was originally a very meagre affair. Burns admits to Mr. G. Thomson, that he added some stanzas, and mended others. It is evident from this, that, as the song was floating about Ayrshire in 1787, Tibbie may have picked it up, and, being a good singer, appropriated it as her own; but nothing of hers that has appeared in print warrants us in believing that the ‘auld rudas’ ever wrote anything half so good as either this song or ‘The crook and plaid,’ which has been attributed to her.”

The following are the best verses of the song, sent by Burns to Johnson, for his Museum:—

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca’ them whare the heather grows,  
Ca’ them whare the bnrnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.

Will ye gang down the water side,  
And see the waves sae sweetly glide  
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,  
The moon it shines fu’ clearly.  
Ca’ the yowes, &c.

While waters wimble to the sea,  
While day blinks in the lift sae high;  
Till clay-cauld death shall blin’ my e’e,  
Ye aye shall be my dearie.  
Ca’ the yowes, &c.

## “TWEEDSIDE.”—Pp. 104, 105.

THE high praise which has been bestowed, by various persons, upon the pastoral written for this air by Robert Crawford of Drumsoy, and which we give below, caused us hesitate not a little before displacing it from the text. Our estimate of the song was, that it had been much overrated—that it was stiff in versification, and affected in sentiment. Finding that this opinion of its merits was shared by many poets, as well as good judges of poetry, we induced a friend, who wishes to remain anonymous, to write the song which we have adapted to the air, and which will be found to possess much of the simplicity as well as the language of the olden time.

We may here remark, that in our opinion, there are many of our best old airs, such as “The yellow-haired laddie,” “Peggy, I must love thee,” “The boatman,” “Allan Water,” &c., still unsuited with words. The excellence of Burns has made us fastidious; songs which in his day were highly lauded, now remind us of “men in buckram,” or at best of Watteau’s fine ladies and gentlemen playing at shepherds and shepherdesses. Their style is tame—their phraseology affected—and their sentiments, as they do not come from the heart, so they do not reach it. In looking over the lyrics of contemporaries, we regret to see that many of their happiest efforts are never likely to be heard united to music; as, from an unfortunate oversight, they have been written to airs which Burns or others have already made their own. We would offer this advice to aspirants for lyrical honours, to be more cautious in the selection of their airs; and instead of vainly attempting to cope with Burns, and to dispossess him of what the world allows to be his own undisputed property, to remember that the “better part of valour is discretion;” and that they are much more likely to hear their verses sung, if they prudently make choice of melodies still “unwedded to immortal verse.”

What beauties does Flora disclose !  
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !  
Yet Mary’s still sweeter than those,  
Both nature and fancy exceed.  
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
Not all the gay flowers of the field,  
Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,  
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.  
  
The warblers are heard in the grove,  
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush ;  
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,  
With music enchant ev’ry bush.  
Come, let us go forth to the mead;  
Let us see how the primroses spring ;  
We’ll lodge on some village on Tweed,  
And love while the feather’d folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?  
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?  
Do they never carelessly stray  
While happily she lies asleep ?  
Should Tweed’s murmurs lull her to rest,  
Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
To ease the soft pains of my breast,  
I’d steal an ambrosial kiss.  
  
’Tis she does the virgins excel ;  
No beauty with her may compare ;  
Love’s graces around her do dwell ;  
. She’s fairest where thousands are fair.  
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?  
Oh, tell me at morn where they feed ?  
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay ?  
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

## “I LO’E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.”—Pp. 130, 131.

WE have given in the text the version of this song as it is now sung. Two of the stanzas, the first and the fourth, have been altered. We subjoin the lines as they originally stood :—

He coft me a rokelay o’ blue,  
And a pair o’ mittens o’ green ;  
The price was a kiss o’ my mou’ ;  
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Ye warldlings, gae heard up your store,  
And tremble for fear ought ye tyne ;  
Guard your treasures wi’ lock, bar, and door,  
While thus in my arms I lock mine.

## “SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN’?”—Pp. 132, 133.

WE are aware that this song of the olden time has long been looked upon as belonging to the humorous class, and has been sung as such by the popular singers of the day. We confess, however, that we have never viewed it in this light. Manners and customs have changed since the time the song was written; maidens may have become more reserved; duplicity, in some instances, may have taken the place of rustic simplicity, but human nature remains the same. It appears to us that the intense love of the unsophisticated maiden for her Johnnie overcomes all her scruples, and the way in which she pleads with her thrifty father to *fee him*, has, to our minds, nothing offensive or indelicate in it. On the contrary, when she urges the good qualities of her lover—his being “a gallant lad, and a weel doin’”—as a reason that her hesitating father should not stand “upon a merk o’ mair fee,” nothing can be

more natural. But when she throws the weight of her fond affection into the scale, no wonder that it turns the balance in her favour, for what father could refuse such an appeal made to him by a loving daughter?

“For a’ the work about the house,  
Gae wi’ me when I see him.”

Surely there is nothing comic in this. It is one of those simple and happy touches, so true to nature, that it could only be thrown off by the pen of a poet.

Although the composer of the fine old melody to this song might not have been fully aware of the deep pathos which he had infused into it, yet he never could have so far mistaken his own intention, as to suppose that he had written a *lively* air. This discovery was left to the singers who came after him.

“THE WEARY PUND o’ TOW.”—Pp. 140, 141.

We have printed in the text the oldest and the best melody to this song; another version has crept in of late years, which we give below, although we consider it much inferior to the original :—



“FOR A’ THAT, AND A’ THAT.”—Pp. 152, 153.

In the fourth stanza of this song, the first four lines are—

“A prince can mak’ a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a’ that;  
But an honest man’s aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he maunna fa’ that.”

The meaning of the expression, “he maunna fa’ that,” is obscure. Jamieson’s Dictionary does not explain the phrase, though the line is given. In common glossaries to Burns, the word “fa’” is explained by *fall, lot*. Neither of these would make sense in Burns’ line. *Try, attempt, venture*, is evidently the only satisfactory meaning of “fa’” in that place. The expression occurs long before Burns’ poetizing days, in the old song beginning, “Tho’ Geordie reigns in Jamie’s stead.” See the second volume of Ritson’s “Scottish Songs,” page 104.

“The whigs think a’ that weal is won,  
But *faith they ma’ na’ fa’ that;*”

or, as Hogg, in the second series of his Jacobite Relics, page 56, gives it, “maunna fa’ that.” Here the phrase is equally obscure as in Burns’ song; but the meaning seems to be, “they must not venture to believe that.”

“JOHNNIE COPE.”—Pp. 154, 155.

THE memorable battle of Preston was fought, near the village of the same name in Haddingtonshire, at daybreak on the 21st September 1745. While the ground was covered with a thick frosty mist, which had come up from the sea on the evening of the 20th, the Chevalier’s troops left their position, and, guided by a gentleman who knew the ground, marched silently and undiscovered, until they reached the eastern extremity of the extensive plain, at the west end of which the King’s forces were stationed. The object of this night-march was to enable the Highlanders to attack, on a fair field, the English troops under Sir John Cope, and to avoid the dangerous disadvantage of having to make their way, exposed to the enemy’s fire, directly across a morass which had separated the two armies. The mist still concealed the Highlanders; but the sound of their march being heard, an alarm-gong was fired as a signal for Cope’s army to prepare for action.

When the Highlanders were ready to charge, “the whole front line moved forward, and, as they did so, the sun broke out, and the mist rose from the ground like the curtain of a theatre. It showed to the Highlanders the line of regular troops drawn up in glittering array, like a complete hedge of steel, and at the same time displayed to

Cope's soldiers the furious torrent, which, subdivided into such a number of columns, or rather small masses, advanced with a cry which gradually swelled into a hideous yell, and became intermingled with an irregular but well-directed fire—the mountaineers presenting their pieces as they ran, dropping them when discharged, and rushing on to close conflict, sword in hand. The events of the preceding night had created among the regulars an apprehension of their opponents, not usual to English soldiers. General Cope's tactics displayed a fear of the enemy rather than a desire to engage him; and now this dreaded foe, having selected his own point of advantage, was coming down on them in all his terrors, with a mode of attack unusually furious, and unknown to modern war." In a few minutes, the King's troops, panic-stricken, were scattered in every direction. The rout was complete, notwithstanding the exertions and the determined bravery of Colonel Whitefoord, Colonel Gardiner, and some other officers. Sir John Cope, with the remains of the dragoons, fled to Berwick, where he was received by Lord Mark Ker with the well-known sarcasm, "That he believed he was the first General in Europe who had brought the first tidings of his own defeat." See Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland, and Mr. Robert Chambers' History of the Rebellion of 1745-6.

The original song to this air was written by Adam Skirving, farmer of Garleton, near Haddington; "who, besides his gift at song-making, which was considerable, was one of the wittiest and most whimsical of mankind." It is a universal favourite in Scotland, and no song, perhaps, has so many variations; Allan Cunningham mentions, that he once heard a peasant boast, among other acquirements, that he could sing "Johnnie Cope," with all the nineteen variations. As none of these amended versions possess greater poetical merit than the original, we prefer giving the latter intact.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar,  
Charlie meet me an' ye daur,  
'And I'll learn you the art o' war,  
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning.  
Hey! Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?  
Or are your drums a-heatin' yet?  
If ye were waukin' I wad wait,  
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,  
He drew his sword the seahard from,  
Come follow me, my merry men,  
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning.  
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,  
Come let us try baith fire and sword,  
And dinna flee like a frighted bird  
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning.  
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,  
He thought it wadna be amiss  
To hae a horse in readiness,  
To flee awa i' the morning.  
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

Eye now, Johnnie, get up and rin,  
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;  
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,  
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.  
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,  
They speir'd at him, where's a' your men?  
The deil confound me gin I ken,  
For I left them a' i' the morning.  
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnnie, troth, ye were na blate,  
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,  
And leave your men in sic a strait,  
So early in the morning.  
Hey! Johnnie, &c.

In faith, quo' Johnnie, I got sic flegs  
Wi' their claymores and filabegs,  
If I face them deil break my legs,  
So I wish you a' good morning.  
Hey! Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?  
Or are your drums a-beatin' yet?  
If ye were waukin' I wad wait,  
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

#### "WHY SHOULD I, A BRISK YOUNG LASSIE."—Pp. 156, 157.

In a Note upon No. 589 of Johnson's Museum, "There's news lasses, news!" Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This humorous song was retouched by Burns from a very ancient one, called, 'I winna gang to my bed until I get a man.' It is adapted to the lively old original air, which may be considered one of the earliest specimens of *Scottish Reels*. It appears in Skene's MSS., circa 1570, under the title of, 'I winna gang to my bed till I sud die.'" In the first place, we must observe, that the title of No. 48 of the Skene MS. airs, published by Mr. William Dauncey, is, "I will not goe to my bed till I suld die;" and, in the second place, that Mr. Stenhouse's assertion, that this air, in the Skene MS., is the same as the air No. 589 of Johnson's Museum, affords a complete and very astounding proof of Mr. Stenhouse's total ignorance of the tablature and the airs of the Skene MS. The two airs are utterly dissimilar in measure and in melody. It is much to be regretted that a man of Mr. Stenhouse's industry and ability should have been seduced into a pretension to knowledge of matters of which he was quite ignorant.



